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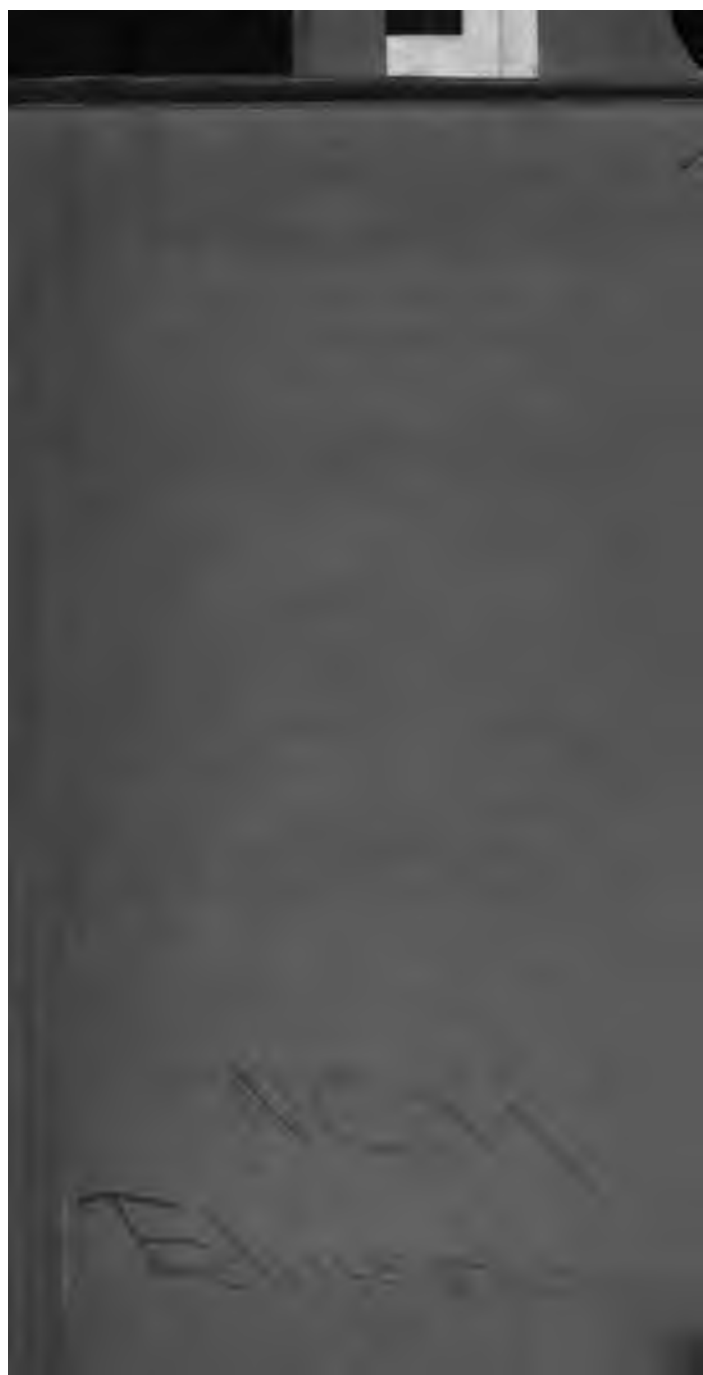
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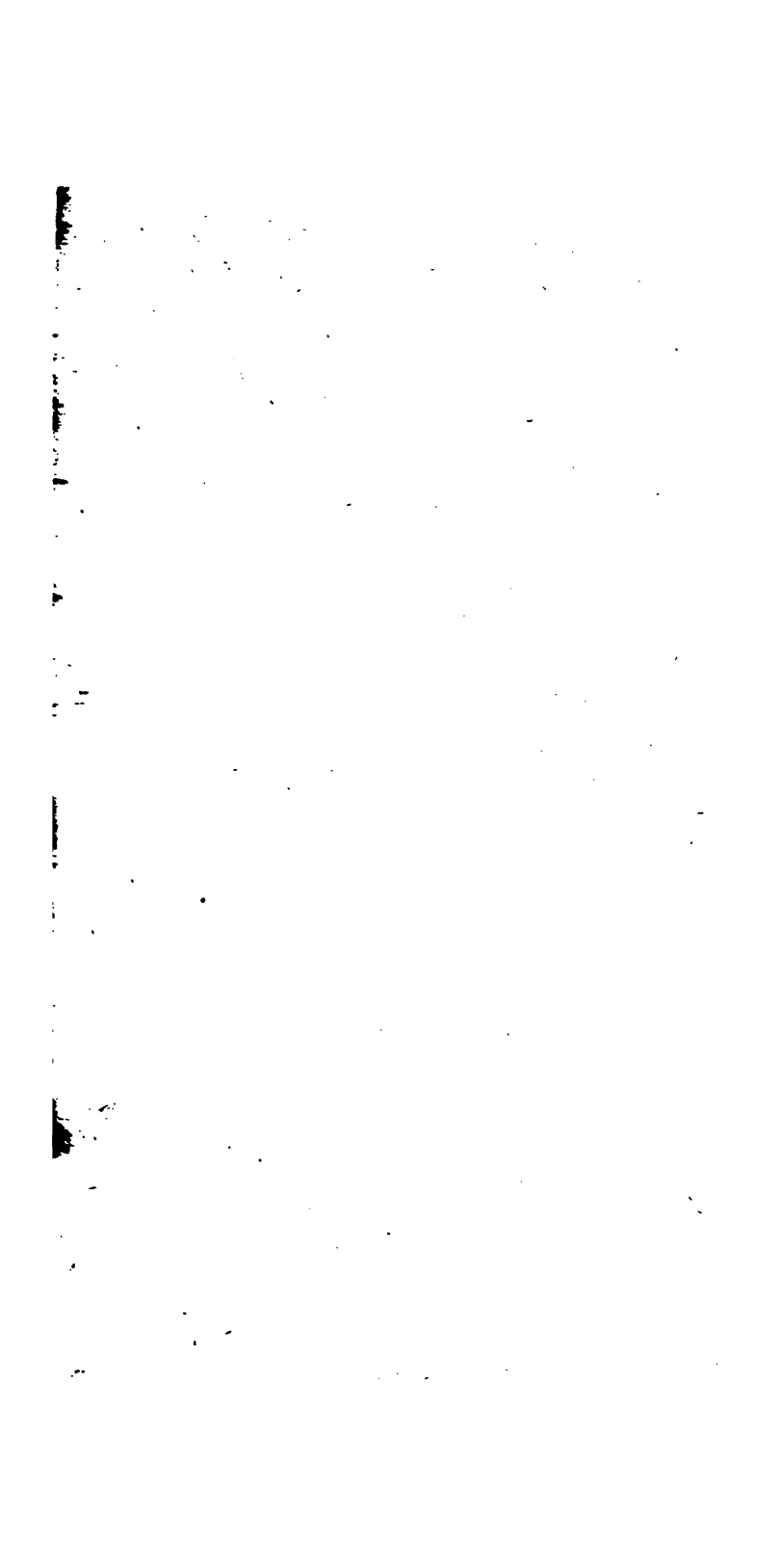






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Sacred Lyrics,

BY

JAMES EDMESTON,

AUTHOR OF "ANSTON PARK," A TALE;
"WORLD OF SPIRITS," ETC.

Volgomi a te, che sei del mio pensiero,
Segno, saetta, e arcierol

FILICAJA.

To thee I turn, for of my thought *thou* art
The mark, the archer, and the dart!

+

FIRST AND SECOND SET.

SECOND EDITION.

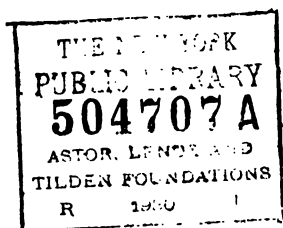
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TO THE
EVEREND FRANCIS AUGUSTUS COX, M. A.
AUTHOR OF
THE LIFE OF MELANCTHON,
THESE POEMS ARE INSCRIBED,
“ A MEMENTO OF FRIENDSHIP.”



PREFACE.

IF we may judge from the works of some, who have written well upon common subjects, but very poorly when they have turned their efforts to Religion, we might imagine they considered devotion must exist exactly in the inverse proportion of taste and fancy. But DEVOTION never rejects the chastening hand of TASTE, nor does the SACRED MUSE consider it unworthy of her to assume the many coloured wings of FANCY.

There is one fountain of sacred poetry but too seldom drawn from, I mean that which most truly looks

“Through NATURE up to Nature’s GOD.”

The fields, and woods, and waters, the hill or the dale, the sunny landscape, and all the majesty and loveliness of creation; these receive additional loveliness and majesty, when viewed in connexion with their Creator, that all-pervading Being, of whose presence we ought

to be reminded whenever the soft air fans us and affords us breath and refreshment, whenever we taste the fruits with which he has stored this terrestrial Garden, and view the Beauty which in such variety overspreads it. Here we should find a perpetual stimulus to devotion, an unfailing source of heavenly and enchanting imagination; this would be a path, ever verdant and blooming, through which we should be led to the Great, the Bountiful, the Benevolent Creator of the whole.

In modern sacred poetry this class of thought is indeed too much neglected. There are not wanting those who have been exquisitely alive to the Beauties of Nature, and who have described them in all the charm of poetic expression; but their song has ended in the eclogue or the pastoral, merely terrestrial and moral.

On the other hand, in ancient days, we may perceive how well DAVID, among others, improved every hint of Nature, to lead his Spirit up to its Eternal Parent. If he saw the sky covered with stars, he sang to their Maker and their Director: if his former pastoral employment occurred to him; if he recollected how he was once accustomed to watch his flock, by day and by night, from the beast and bird of prey, from the heat and the cold, the storm and the tempest, how he used

to lead them into the fresh green meadow, and to the cool and placid river—he proclaims his dependence upon the pastoral care of his God, and acknowledges, with gratitude, that the protection of that God has not been less diligent and watchful over him.

The common affections of life form another source of genuine sacred poetry; for affections of all kinds are poetry in the abstract. Religion purifies and chastens the passions, but it does not deaden them. It teaches us to love all to whom the heart cleaves, with a more refined delicacy, a warmer, a purer, and a more intense feeling.

With regard to many of the following pieces I know it may be objected, that they are not strictly *sacred*, but belong to the objects and affections of every day. To this I would reply, that if we live aright, these objects and affections will ever lead us to higher thoughts and more sublime desires, and we shall view and feel every thing with a reference to HIM, from whom they all at first proceeded, and in whom they must ultimately all be absorbed.

And even if Religion be no way nominally and verbally introduced, the tendency is yet sacred, if the benevolent principles of our nature be encouraged, and

all those generous chords of the bosom touched, which vibrate most sweetly when moved by the fingers of piety.

When the First Set of these "SACRED LYRICS" was sent to the press, it was done, at least in a great measure, to please a few friends, and with scarcely a hope of success. With regard to the SECOND SET, I may add, that the very favourable reception of the first has been partly my inducement ; and I shall feel satisfied if they afford to any in reading them, what they did to me in writing them, a momentary repose from the anxiety and vexation of spirit occasioned by the perpetual harassing of business, and the weariness of professional or commercial exertion and rivalry.

JAMES EDMESTON.

Hackney, 1st Jan. 1823.

SACRED LYRICS.

I.

INVOCATION.

SWEET are harp-notes struck to **THEE**,
PRISTINE FOUNT OF MINSTRELSY !
Lovely, when the morning beams ;
 Lovely, when the noon is bright ;
Lovely, when the even gleams ;
 Lovely, at the mid of night ;
Whencesoever they aspire ;
 Be it from the pile of gold,
Or the vast cathedral's quire,
 Or the lone hut, drear and cold ;
Or desert, where no fane is nigh,
Save thy cloud-wrought canopy.

MUSIC drew from THEE her birth,
 THINE the sweet harmonic chain ;
 And best she sings, when back from earth
 She bounds in praise to THEE again !
 What are all the songs below,
 Of the world's bewitching round ;
 Shadows, of a passing show,
 Echos, of a passing sound :
 But the notes that speak the praise
 Of THY power and love, shall last
 To the age of endless days,
 When these passing forms have past.

Yes, and while we journey here,
 They remind us of our rest ;
 And catch a sound from yonder sphere,
 Dropp'd from the harpstrings of the BLEST.
 SOURCE of every fair delight,
 That bestrews our earthly way,
 Tune our hearts and songs aright,
 Till we reach that world of light,
 And till the notes sound full and bright,
 In bowers of heavenly day !

II.

SERENE DEATH.

OH ! might I choose how I should die,
 And pass above ;
 It were with those companions by,
 Whom most I love :
 And if a tear fell on my face
 From some fond eye,
 I would it fell inspired by grace,—
 By faith each sigh :
 So that the pang weak creatures feel
 When friends depart,
 A moment o'er the face might steal,
 Not reach the heart.
 Near me a soft low voice should raise
 Some holy air ;
 Some farewell vesper song of praise,
 Or verse of prayer.
 It were a pleasant thing to think,
 In yon bright seat,
 The sounds I heard on Earth's last brink,
 Were hymn notes sweet.

The links of nature gently falling,
 The soul all calm ;
 Here nothing could be found appalling—
 Death like a balm !
 In Death like this to pass away,
 How sweet a thing !
 And even in its grasp to say,
 ‘ Death has no sting !’



III.

EVENING HYMN.

At night their short evening hymn, “*Jesus Mahakaroo*,”—
 “*Jesus forgive us*,” stole through the camp.
 SALTE’S TRAVELS IN ABYSSINIA.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal ;
 Sin and want we come confessing,
 Thou canst save, and thou canst heal ;
 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow past us fly,
 Angel-guards from thee surround us ;
 We are safe, if thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness cannot hide from thee;
 Thou art He, who, never weary,
 Watchest where thy people be :
 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And our couch become our tomb ;
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in light and deathless bloom.

 IV.

THE RURAL CHAPEL.

Oft, when I've seen a rising ground
 With bowery leafage shadow'd round ;
 Where groups of forest roses twine,
 With foxglove, and with sweet woodbine ;
 Where over head the arch boughs meet,
 And violets bloom beneath the feet :
 Oh, I have thought Surpassing fair !
 Had but that spot a house of prayer,
 A dome amidst the enchanted dell,
 All-hallowed to EMANUEL.

Oh, when amidst the grove of green,
 The chapel's snow-white spire is seen ;
 The column and the step of stone,
 The walls to meditation known ;
 How holy, how dear, does the spot appear,
 The fairest of heaven and earth are here;
 The sweetest below, and the sweetest above,
 Nature's fair form, and a Saviour's love!

In a covert like this, what prayers might rise,
 What notes of praise might reach the skies ;
 Notes, as soft as a summer even,
 Notes, with less of Earth than Heaven ;
 Hymnings that might seem to be,
 Sweet celestial minstrelsy.

True, not the storm-flood Sorrow pours
 Can quench a Christian's joy ;
 Within the prison walls it soars
 To heaven without alloy :
 Though all the furious spite of men
 Would crush it, it shines brightly then!
 Yet in a spot so still, so fair,
 That Peace might choose her haven there,
How sweet the house of praise and prayer.

Sorrow will cause the heart to pray,
 But oh ! how lovelier is the sound,
 When notes of happiness rebound,
 Where all is beautiful around,
 Amidst the summer ray !

V.

THE SABBATH EVENING.

I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day,—REV. i. 10.

Is there a time when moments flow
 More lovelily than all beside ;
 It is, of all the times below,
 A sabbath eve in summer tide.

Oh then the setting sun smiles fair,
 And all below, and all above,
 The different forms of nature wear
 One universal garb of Love.

And then the peace that Jesus beams,
 The life of Grace, the death of Sin,
 With nature's placid woods and streams,
 Is peace without and peace within.

Delightful scene !—a world at rest,—
 A God all love—no grief nor fear—
 A heavenly hope—a peaceful breast—
 A smile unsullied by a tear !

If heaven be ever felt below,
 A scene celestial as this
 May cause a heart on earth to know
 Some foretaste of unmingled bliss.

Delightful hour ! how soon will Night,
 Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign,
 And morrow's quick returning light,
 Must call us to the world again.

Yet will there dawn at last, a day—
 A sun that never sets shall rise ;
 Night will not veil his ceaseless ray !
 The heavenly sabbath never dies !

VI.

THE PROSPECT.

Then said the Shepherds one to another—' Let us here show the Pilgrims the gates of the celestial city, if they have skill to look through our perspective glass.'..... They thought they saw something like the gate, and also some of the glory of the place.

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

CHRYSTAL City! from thy height,
When no vapours intervene,
Thy gates of pearl and walls of light,
Through many a sunny hour are seen ;
And though the road be rough between,
They glad the pilgrim's sight.

Oh the day has been so clear,
And the eye of faith so strong ;
That I have deem'd they must be near,
And e'en the everlasting song
Has almost reach'd the ear.

Then let me pass !—Those golden towers,
 Which faith can sometimes see,
 Are homes of rest from weary hours,
 Prepar'd by God for me.



VII.

EBENEZER.

 1 SAM. vii. 12.

EBENEZER HITHERTO,

Now through sun and now through shower,
 With the help of God in view,
 Have I reach'd the present hour.

Many a heavy day has pass'd,
 Many a summer sun shone bright,
 Yet the sky most overcast
 Ever has been pierc'd by light.

And the light that shone so clear,
 As it were an endless ray,
 Oft in clouds of doubt and fear,
 Has withdrawn its beams away.

Light to cheer, and clouds to warn,
 I shall tread my journey by,
 Till the rising of that morn,
 When no cloud shall stain the sky.

As I travel let me own
 To what arm my praise is due,
 And mark some monitory stone,
 'EBENEZER HITHERTO.'

VIII.

THE DEATH-BED.

SWIFT be thy flight to yonder skies,
And bright the crown that waits thee there !
Aloft on seraph pinions rise,
Beyond the fields of earthly air !

But there's a pang that stings the breast,
When torn away from those we love,
Before we see those realms of rest,
Or hear the harps that ring above.

Yet burst away !—the pang is short ;
One struggle, and the soul is free !
A single blow—the battle's fought,
Then welcome bright eternity !

IX.

THE ETERNAL PRESENCE.

God is HERE—how sweet the sound !

All I feel and all I see,
Nature teems, above, around,
With universal Deity !

Is there danger ? Void of fear,
Though the death-winged arrow fly,
I can answer—God is HERE,
And I move beneath his eye !

When I pray, HE hears my prayer ;
When I weep, HE sees my grief :
Do I wander, HE is there,
Ready to afford relief.

Distance cannot part my soul ;
Not the morning in its flight,
Not the widest seas that roll,
Not the mount of greatest height.

No, nor any world that shines
 In infinitude of space,
 Lies without the boundless lines
 Of the empire of HIS grace!

Then I would not spend a care,
 Where my future lot may lie;
 I am safe, for HE is there,
 Be it within INFINITY!

X.

The pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night.

How often has the gloom which spread
 Above the Christian Pilgrim's head,
 And darkened all his earthly way,
 Like Israel's beacon cloud by day;
 Changed as the hour of death drew nigh,
 To flame that streamed along the sky,
 And lit his footsteps through the night,
 With holy fire and heavenly light!

XI.

AFFLICTION.

Oh ! whence is the freshness that gives the flower
Its scent and its summer hue ?
It came in the dark and the midnight hour,
In drops of heavenly dew ;
So, often in sorrow the soul receives
An influence from above,
That beauty, and sweetness, and freshness gives
To patience, and faith, and love.

But the sun is high, and the dew is dry,
And the flower has lost its bloom ;
Its bell droops low, and the passer-by
Perceives no sweet perfume ;
So, like again to the drooping flower,
In the sunshine of fortune's ray,
The graces that bloomed in a darksome hour
Have faded and passed away.

XIV.

HOLY CONTENTMENT.

WHY should I, in vain repining,
Mourn the clouds that cross my way;
Since my Saviour's presence shining,
Turns my darkness into day.

Earthly honour, earthly treasure,
All the warmest passions win;
And the silken wings of pleasure
Only waft us on to sin.

But within the vale of sorrow,
All with tempests overblown;
Purer light and joy we borrow
From the face of God alone.

Welcome then each darker token;
Mercy sent it from above:
So the heart subdued, not broken,
Bends in fear and melts with love.

XV.

THE BANK OF THE RIVER OF DEATH.

Now I farther saw, that betwixt them and the gate there was a river, but there was no bridge to go over, and the river was very deep.

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

PARTING soul! The flood awaits thee,
 And the billows round thee roar;
 Yet look on—the chrystal city
 Stands on yon celestial shore!
 There are crowns and thrones of glory;
 There the living waters glide;
 There the just, in shining raiment,
 Wander by EMANUEL's side.

Linger not—the stream is narrow,
 Though its cold dark waters rise;
 He who passed the flood before thee,
 Guides the path to yonder skies:

Hark! The sound of angels' hymnings
Rolls harmonious o'er thine ear;
See! The walls and golden portals
Through the mist of death appear.

Soul adieu!—This gloomy sojourn
Holds thy captive feet no more;
Flesh is dropt, and sin forsaken;
Sorrow done, and weeping o'er.
Through the tears thy friends are shedding,
Smiles of hope serenely shine;
Not a friend remains behind thee,
But would change his lot for thine.

XVI.

GRATITUDE.

WHAT can I, my Saviour, do,
To repay the debt I owe ?
Earthly years are all too few,
Earthly treasures all too low !

Shall I cease with men to dwell,
Every mortal love resign ;
Hide me in some hermit's cell,
And feast in solitude on THINE ?

Shall the sun of noontide day,
And the lamp of middle night,
Witness how I praise and pray,
Ceaseless as the moment's flight ?

Shall I labour for thy poor,
For the souls whom thou hast bought ;
Pain and poverty endure,
To afford thy children aught ?

What can I, my Saviour, do,
 To repay the debt I owe?
 Earthly years are all too few,
 Earthly treasures all too low!

Shall I fly to spread thy name
 In the lands of heathen night?
 Shall I court the martyr's flame,
 And seal thy faith with suffering bright?

Shall each talent thou hast given
 Wholly consecrated be,
 And rise, like incense, up to heaven,
 Offered gratefully to thee?

Vain to pay the debt I owe,
 All the service I can do!
 Earthly good is far too low,
 Earthly years are far too few!

XVII.

THE WANDERERS.

They wandered about in sheep skins and goat skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented; of whom the world was not worthy; they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens, and caves of the earth.

2 HEB. xxxvii. 3.

YE palaces of gold, adieu!

The rosy couch, the perfumed air;
I would not spend one hour in you,
If Jesus own no subject there.

Give me the cave and forest side,
The mountain top, and desert drear,
With denizens of Heaven to hide,
Whom sinners spurn and scorn at here.

The cold bleak wind, if Jesus smile,
The couch of turf, and herby meal,
The brook's cool draught, the leafy pile,
Have brighter joys than strangers feel.

The hymn that o'er the desert floats
 From heart of flame and saintly voice,
 Is sweeter than the gayest notes,
 When Pleasure's mirthful sons rejoice.

Oh! thus my soul would wander far,
 From all the troubled haunts of men,
 Where solitude and silence are,
 Nor tread those evil walks again.

XVIII.

SACRED REST.

This is the day which the Lord hath made: we will rejoice and be glad in it.

PSALM CVxiii. 24.

WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
 And sighs her God to seek;
 How sweet to hail the evening's close,
 That ends the weary week!

How sweet to hail the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Beams its new rays of light !

Sweet day ! thine hours too soon will cease ;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, Heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A sabbath o'er my soul.

When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er ;
That sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more ?

XIX.

In all their afflictions he was afflicted.

ISAIAH lxiii. 9.

Oh Thou, whose mercy guides my way !
Though now it seem severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say,
There is no mercy here !

Oh grant me to desire the pain,
That comes in kindness down,
More than the world's supremest gain
Succeeded by a frown.

Then though thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see :
The very hand that strikes the blow,
Was wounded once for me.

XX.

THE CONTRAST.

ENTHRONED upon a hill of light,
 A heavenly minstrel sings;
 Sounds, unimaginably bright,
 Spring from the golden strings:
 Who would have thought so fair a form,
 Once bent beneath an earthly storm?

Yet was he sad and lonely here,
 Of low and humble birth;
 And mingled, while in this dark sphere,
 With meanest sons of earth:
 In spirit poor, in look forlorn,
 The jest of mortals and their scorn.

A crown of heavenly radiance now,
 A harp of golden strings,
 Glitters upon his deathless brow,
 And to his hymn notes rings:
 The bower of interwoven light,
 Seems at the sound to grow more bright.

Then, while with visage blank and sear
 The poor in soul we see,
 Let us not think what he is here,
 But what he soon will be ;
 And look, beyond this earthly night,
 To crowns of gold, and bowers of light.



XXI.

TO * * * *.

REFLECTIONS ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

IN heart divided, and in spirit rent,
 Who can forbid a mother to lament !

DEATH ! thou dread looser of the dearest tie !
 Was there no aged, and no sick one nigh ?
 No languid wretch, who longed, but longed in vain,
For thy cold hand to cool his fiery pain ?

And was the only victim thou couldst find,
 An infant, in its mother's arms reclined?
 But 'tis thy way to pass the ripest by,
 And cause the flowers and buds of life to die.

Full many a flower is scattered by the breeze,
 And many a blossom shaken from the trees ;
 And many a morning beam in tempests flies ;
 And many a dew-drop shines awhile and dies ;
 But, oftener far, the dream that FANCY weaves,
 Of future joy and happiness, deceives.

And THOU, pale mourner o'er an infant bier,
 Brighten thy cheek and dry the trickling tear,
 This came, though veiled in darkness, from above,
 A dispensation of Eternal Love ;
 HE, who perceived the dangerous control,
 The heart-twined spell was gaining o'er thy soul,
 Snatch'd from thine arms the treacherous decoy,
 To give thee higher hope and purer joy.

Oh see how soon the flowers of life decay,
 How soon terrestrial pleasures pass away ;

This star of comfort, for a moment given,
Just rose on earth, then set, to rise in Heaven;
Yet mourn not, as of Hope bereft, its doom;
Nor water with thy tears its early tomb;
Redeemed to God from sin, released from pain,
Its life were punishment, its death is gain.

Turn back thine eye along the path of life,
View thine own grief and weariness, and strife;
And say, if that which tempts thee to repine,
Be not a happier lot by far than thine?
If death in infancy had laid thee low,
Thou hadst escaped from sin, and toil, and woe;
The years thy soul the path of sorrow trod,
Had all been spent in converse with thy God;
And thou hadst shone in yonder cloudless sphere,
A scraph there, and not a pilgrim here:
Oh! it is sweet to die,—to part from earth,
And win all heaven for things of little worth!
Then sure thou wouldst not, though thou couldst, awake
The little slumberer for its mother's sake.

It is when those we love in death depart,
That earth hath slightest hold upon the heart:

Hath not bereavement higher wishes taught,
And purified from earth thine earth-born thought?
I know it hath—Hope then appears more dear,
And heaven's bright realms shine brightest through a tear.

Though it be hard to bid thy heart divide,
And lay the gem of all thy love aside;
Faith tells thee, and it tells thee not in vain,
That thou shalt meet thine infant yet again:
On seraph wings the new-born spirit flies,
To brighter regions and serener skies,
And, ere thou art aware, the day may be,
When to those skies thy babe shall welcome thee.

While yet on earth, thine ever-circling arms
Held it securest from surrounding harms;
Yet even there disease could aim her dart,
Chill the warm cheek, and stop the fluttering heart;
And many a fruitless tear-drop thou hast paid,
To view the sickness that thou couldst not aid;
No ill can reach it now—it rests above,
Safe in the bosom of celestial love:
Its short, but yet tempestuous way, is o'er,
And tears shall trickle down its cheeks no more.

Then far be grief—Faith looks beyond the tomb,
 And heaven's bright portals sparkle through the gloom
 If bitter thoughts and tears in Heaven could be,
 It is thine infant that should weep for thee.

 XXII.

 THE DEATH-BED.

 .

Who was ever known to hear,
 That angel song that meets the ear,
 When the tale of life is ending,
 And the flame of life descending,
 When the hand of DEATH is near?

Who was ever known to see
 Those forms of heavenly minstrelsy
 That hover o'er the good man dying,
 And guard the ransom'd spirit flying
 To the realms of extacy?

Though those forms meet no appearing,
 Though those songs no mortal hearing,
 Dying pillow!—Bed of roses!—
 Witness, as the sweet scene closes,
 Seraph harps ring round the cheering!

 XXIII.

 PSALM xxiii.

THE LORD is my shepherd, no want can I fear ;
 Wherever I wander my shepherd is near ;
 By the side of the waters of stillness I pass,
 And repose in the meadows of fresh growing grass.

A pilgrim, I travel in faith on my way,
 With his rod for my help, and his staff for my stay ;
 Is the road dark and dreary?—I fear not its gloom,
 Nor tremble to walk through the vale of the tomb!

My table is spread in the face of my foes ;
 Thou anointest my head, and my cup overflows :
 My days, while below, shall be followed by love,
 And a blessed eternity meet me above !

XXIV.

THE THUNDER STORM.

PSALM xxix.

Sons of the Mighty—pause and fear!
 Jehovah's power proclaim !
 The glory of his state revere,
 And bow before his name !
 His watery car is rolling by—
 And hark ! His voice of majesty
 Divides the forks of flame !
 He blasts the cedar, burns the oak,
And cleaves the mountains with a stroke

He lays the forest thickets bare,
And lights the shade profound ;
The deer that crept for refuge there,
Springs from the burning ground !
The lion in his secret den,
Moans in instinctive terror then,
And crouches at the sound ;
He knows his Maker's voice, and hides
In his deep cavern's inmost sides.

Amidst the storm Jehovah reigns,
And guards his people's weal,
He holds the lightnings fast in chains,
Though all creation reel ;
And those whom he will deign to keep,
May lay them down in peace, and sleep,
Nor heed the threatening peal ;
Assured, beneath his mighty arm,
Danger is safe, and tumult calm.

XXV.

CONFIDENCE.

GREAT God! I would not seek to know
The number of my earthly hours,
Nor if the path that I must go
Be paved with thorns, or strewn with flowers;
It is enough for me to see
My all is governed by thy will,
And that which I receive from thee,
Has been and will be kindness still.

But this I would for ever pray,
And here I cannot be denied,
That whether dark or bright the way,
Thy Spirit would my spirit guide.
Then in the flow of prosperous years,
I shall not raise my heart too high,
Nor yield to clouds, or doubts, or fears,
Though prospects fail and comforts die.

XXVI.

TRANQUIL DEATH.

How calm is the summer sea wave !
How softly is swelling its breast ;
The bank it just reaches to lave,
Then sinks on its bosom to rest.

No dashing, nor foaming, nor roar,
But mild as a zephyr its play ;
Its drops scarcely heard on the shore,
And passes in silence away.

As calm is the action of death
On the halcyon mind of the just ;
As gently he rifles their breath,
As gently dissolves them to dust.

Not a groan, nor a pain, nor a tear,
Nor a grief, nor a wish, nor a sigh,
Nor a cloud, nor a doubt, nor a fear,
But calm as a slumber they die.

XXVII.

THE VICTORY.

WHEN the destroying angel's breath
 Blasted all Egypt in his flight;
Darkness entombed the hour of death,
 And all futurity was night.

The agony of friends that part,
 The sob, the groan, the shriek, was there;
But not one hope dawned on the heart,
 To cheer the general despair.

The mother wept upon the tomb,
 The sister held her brother's bier;
But not one ray shot through the gloom,
 To sparkle in the falling tear.

But now, beyond the night-veiled dead,
 A morning dawns, a hope is given;
And every tear that mourners shed,
 Is gilded with a beam from heaven.

Though NATURE feel severest pain,
When locked in death her partner sleeps ;
FAITH reckons death, with glory, gain,
And envies all the while she weeps.

LOVE glories in another's good,
Though bought with pangs that rack her through ;
Bursts the warm clasp by HORR subdued,
And smiles through tears the faint adieu.

XXVIII.

When the servant of the man of God was risen early and gone forth, behold an host compassed the city both with horses and chariots : and his servant said unto him, Alas, my master, how shall we do? And he answered, Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee open his eyes that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw, and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.

2 KINGS vi. 15—17.

SWORDS of fire around us play,
Shafts of flame around us fly ;
Though no lightnings glare the day,
Though no meteor cross the sky.

In the sunniest summer noon,
There is war amidst the calm ;
In the loveliest beaming moon,
Adverse spirits working harm

Yet the intellectual strife,
Fierce and mighty as it glows,
Wakes no earthly sound to life,
Nor moves the tresses of the rose.

Fallen man to slay, in soul,
Is the prize for which they fight;
Counter warrior charges roll,
Demons dark with angels bright.

The swift artillery of heaven
Passes round us every hour,
Though to man it be not given,
While on earth, to see its power.

Yet the prophet's servant saw,
When the Syrian host assailed,
Every heavenly warrior,
And bright encampment all unveiled.

And from yonder distant sky
All the conflict we shall view :
Turn and see the dangers fly,
And praise the God that led us through.

XXIX.

LINES

WRITTEN FOR THE REV. F. A. COX'S

LIFE OF MELANCTHON.

OH! who would envy those who die
 Victims upon AMBITION'S shrine,
 Though idiot man may rank them high,
 And to the slain in victory
 Pay honours half divine.
 To feel this heaving fluttering breath,
 Stilled by the lightest touch of death,
 The happier lot be mine;
 I would not that the murdering brand
 Were the last weapon in my hand.

HE of whom these pages tell,
 HE a soldier too—of truth,
 HE a hero from his youth;
 How delightfully he fell!

Not in the crash, and din, and flood
 Of execrations, groans, and blood,
 Rivetting fetters on the good,
 But happily and well.

No song of triumph sounds his fall,
 No march of death salutes his bier;
 But tribute sweeter far than all,
 The sainted sigh, the orphan tear.
 Yet mourn not ye who stand around;
 Nor bid the time less swiftly roll,
 Though shades of death the prospect bound,
 He a far happier world has found;
 DEATH is the BIRTH-DAY of the soul.

Witness—for ye saw him die—
 Heard you complaint, or groan, or sigh;
 Or if one sigh breathed o'er his breast,
 As gentle airs, when days of summer close,
 Breathing o'er wearied nature still repose,
 Lull an expiring evening to rest;
 It whispered—"All within is peace,
 The storm is past, and troubles cease."

His sun went down in cloudless skies,
Assured upon the morn to rise

In lovelier array.

But not like earth's declining light,
To vanish back again to night :
The zenith where he now shall glow,
No bound, no setting beam, can know ;
Without a cloud or shade of woe,
Is that eternal day.

HISTORY will not write his name
Upon the glittering roll of FAME ;
But RELIGION, heaven-born maid,
Mark him in her tablet fair ;
And when brighter names shall fade,
His will stand recorded there.

XXX.

THE LAST DAY.

It is the summer noontide hour,
The earth is clad with many a flower,
The bright stream rolls its sparkling breast,
On full blown sweets the wild bees rest ;

The dragonet winnows her gauzy wings,
The butterfly rests on the cheek of the rose ;
In the warm blue sky, the skylark sings,
And Nature is all repose.

Calm is the water, fair is the lea,
The south wind ripples the summer sea ;
The mariner gaily sets his sail,
To catch the breath of the downy gale ;
His graceful bark goes lightly by,
In emerald sea, and sapphire sky ;
No pirate galley armed for wrong,
Nor war-ship sails those seas along,

The spear point and the sabre now
 Have formed the pruning hook and plough:
 It is EMANUEL's heavenly reign,
 And war shall ne'er be known again!

Fair are the fields, and bright the skies,
 His daily task the peasant plies,
 The flocks and herds in slumbers lie,
 The shepherd sings a hymn-note by;
 Through the calm the sweet sounds swell:
 And this the song
 That floats along
 The sunny mead and shady dell:—

Shine on fair sun, thy beams are bright,
 Flowers bloom below, joy reigns above;
 But what were all that meets my sight,
 Were I without a Saviour's love.

The sun in azure fields might roll,
 And not a cloud obscure his ray;
 Yet darkness dwell upon my soul,
 Which he could never chase away.

These pleasant fields, this summer stream,
 These lowing herds, and lovely flowers,
 Had seemed one day a pleasant dream,
 Recalled in dark and dreadful hours.

For I had lain in deep despair,
 By hope's most glimmering ray uncrossed,
 And these had been remembered there,
 A paradise I had—but lost.

Then, for one drop of this fair tide
 That rolls those flowery meads among,
 In helpless torment I had sighed,
 To cool my parched and burning tongue.

Poor are the words, and weak the strain,
 Thy boundless mercy to repay :
 But I shall raise my song again,
 With higher powers, in brighter day !

Sweet and calm is the noontide hour ;
 Through many a dell, and forest bower
 Of woodbine and of wild red rose,
 On the village bridal goes ;

Youth and beauty, arm in arm,
 Circled in a mutual charm,
 Whom the dreams of love beguile
 In the fields of time to see
 Years that meet them with a smile,
 Years of pleasure yet to be.

Trust not stillness—on the day
 Ere the sulphury storm begun
 That swept Gomorrah's towers away,
 Bright on Zoar rose the sun !
 Have you not BELIEVER read,
 In an hour so sweetly calm
 That Nature might seem clothed in balm,
 The trump may sound that wakes the dead.

That fearful moment to portray
 No mortal harp could weave a lay ;
 TIME will bring it in his flight,
 As a robber in the night,
 Unexpected, and unknown,
 Save in his decrees alone

Who will suddenly appear
 And raise the throne of judgment here ;
 Yet if ready we should be,
 Others may tremble but not we.

 XXXI.

1 THESS. v. 16.

WHY are the meadows gay with flowers,
 And fair with silver streams ?
 Why are the vallies moist with showers,
 Or bright with summer beams ?
 Why is the face of Nature glad,
 And he, who most of all might be
 Happy e'en to satiety,
 Alone cast down and sad ?

The herds repose with hearts at rest,
 For God has given them peace ;
 And sure, within the Christian's breast,
 Anxiety might cease ;

And as he treads the way along
 That leads him to his home on high,
 Instead of mourning and a sigh,
 Might raise some pilgrim's song!

Strike the light harp ! bid grief depart !
 Let sinners mourn and wail ;
 He need not bear a heavy heart,
 Though all on earth should fail.
 But, if a sigh and tear be due
 For every blessing of the way,
 Weep Christian, for indeed you may
 Let tears your path bedew !

XXXII.

PRAYER.

ENTHRONED amidst the world of light,
 JEHOVAH rules the realms of bliss ;
 Yet bends to scenes of earthly night,
 To such a house of pain as this !

The glories of the heavenly plains
 Hide not one mourner from HIS eye;
 Nor can the seraph's loudest strains
 Drown by their sound the faintest sigh!

Oh PRAYER, thou mine of things unknown,
 Who can be poor possessing thee!
 Thou wert a fount of joy alone,
 Better than worlds of gold could be.
 Were I bereft of all beside,
 That bears the form or name of bliss,
 I yet were rich, what will betide,
 If God in mercy leave me this!

XXXIII.

REV. xxii. 1.

LIVING River, gently flowing
 Through Emanuel's golden land;
 Fruits of life by thee are growing,
 Trees of life beside thee stand!

*Healing leaves for pain and sadness,
Waters of celestial balm ;
Flowers immortal, blooming gladness,
Skies for ever bright and calm.*

While the tempest thunders o'er us
On the world's tempestuous sea,
May we view in faith before us
The haven we are seeking—Thee!

XXXIV.

CONSCIENCE.

OH there's a night-time of the soul
Where tempests rest, and storm clouds roll ;
The troubled spirit looks on high—
But thunder lowers along the sky ;
It turns to earth and looks around—
But not a refuge there is found ;
Frighted it turns its eye within,
And sees a loathsome heart of sin ;
It fain would bend in earnest prayer—
It would—but finds no solace there ;

The Almighty frowns upon its grief,
 And earthly friends give no relief;
 Man seems in utter terror then,
 Cursed by his God, and left by men.

Oh were it not that hope is given
 To every soul beneath the heaven,
 And were it not a Saviour's veins
 Flow to assuage these deadly pains,
 No soul could long endure the woe,
 When all above and all below,
 And all without and all within,
 Seem leagued to be the scourge of sin.

It is as though the sinner's doom
 Waited not for the sealing tomb;
 It is as though the sting of hell
 Within a living heart might dwell.

Oh! blessed be God for the rainbow of peace,
 That over the hill of Calvary bends,
 And bids the storm and the thunder cease,
 And smiles as the penitent tear descends:

The rainbow of peace, that in such an hour,
 Tinged by the sun of a Saviour's love,
 Arches the sweet repentant shower,
 And lightens the threatening storm above.
 Never, oh never! within the heart,
 Be a thought that would make this peace depart,
 For who that has felt the asp-like pain,
 Would choose the paths of sin again?

XXXV.

For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of
 Jehovah, as the waters cover the sea.

HABAKKUK.

THOU, who such various gifts has given
 To all who dwell around the globe,
 And wrapt it, ALMONER OF HEAVEN!
 In plenty, like a circling robe;
 Grant that the waters of thy grace
 O'er earth's most distant climes may flow;
 Nor there be found a single place
 Where fruits of mercy do not grow.

Where'er the sun diffuse his light,
 Gladdening the nations from above,
 There may thy truth, with ray more bright,
 Descend with power and beam with love ; -
 And where the dew and summer showers
 Bid nature bloom in rich array,
 There may religion's fairer flowers
 Unfold beneath the gospel day.



XXXVI.

FAITH.

DARK are the waters of the grave,
 But he may every billow brave
 Who firm in faith relies :
 FAITH shines the morning star of heaven,
 To her, ere morning, it is given
 To see the opening skies.

SHE shines across the deep, and lays
 A glittering path of woven rays
 To God's eternal seat :
 And there the spirit passes o'er,
 Fearless to heaven's unbeaten shore,
 And scarcely bathes her feet.

XXXVII.

THE MARTYR.

WHO is he with tresses flowing,
 White as is the driven snow?
 Tell me whither he is going—
 Stranger, tell me, dost thou know?
 Sure it cannot be to sadness,
 For a smile is on his face,
 And his eye is bright with gladness,
 And his step is firm with grace.

Oh! he is a victim borne away
 By that tumultuous crowd,
 Condemned to sleep in death to day,
 Beneath a fiery shroud :
 Yes, he may smile—There waits him now
 A crown of victory for his brow,
 A seraph car, attending nigh,
 To bear his spirit to the sky.
 Every nerve shall writhe with pain,
 Till nature will recoil again ;
 But faith is eagle-eyed, and sees
 The gates of heaven through things like these,
 And would not change the martyr's bed
 For lordly hall, and royal crown,
 Where PLEASURE, on her couch of down,
 Hath summer roses shed.

XXXVIII.

What dost thou here, Elijah ?

1 KINGS xix. 13.

OH for some lonely forest dell,
The turf with flowerets spread ;
Perennial fruits, a plenteous well,
Thick leafage over head ;
A home of peace, a haven fair,
And those I love all with me there !

When orient clouds o'erspread the dawn,
To praise, and read, and pray ;
When evening sunbeams gild the lawn,
To hymn the parting day ;
When noonday suns shine bright above,
To give the hours,
All wreathed with flowers,
To mutual friendship and to love ;
And when the moon walks through the night,
To lull my breast,
With holy rest,
As soft and tranquil as her light !

In such a home, on such a spot,
 Friendship and peace within,
 Methinks I had as fair a lot
 As EDEN ere the first foul blot
 Of death-producing sin.
 And yet, methinks, were all as fair
 As FANCY could inspire ;
 Were all to win and charm me there,
 And nothing that could tire,
 I could not still my thought, and say,
 " I now am happy, let the world
 By sin and ignorance be hurl'd
 To ruin as it may !"
 For I should heave a fearful sigh
 To think of all I had enjoyed,
 While opportunities passed by,
 And talents slumbered unemployed.

Oh while a single spot of ground
 Exists, or near or far,
 Where THOU, my SAVIOUR, art not found
 The sinner's guiding star ;
 While yet a single soul remains
 Fettered in SUPERSTITION's chains,

Let me not quit this busy field
 Till the fight be done,
 And the battle won,
 And the conquered empire yield!

THIS is a state of toil and fear,
 THAT is a region ever fair ;
 Give me some post of combat here,
 Rest and eternal joyance there !



XXXIX.

CHANGE.

WHAT is all this transient show
 That I see from day to day ?
 Colours of the fading bow,
 Atoms in the sunny ray !

Thousands pass, and are no more,
Others rise, and move, and fall;
Stilled the voice that sang before,
Chilled the heart's best joy or thrall!

What, at most, is every pain,
Every tear, and every sigh!
Shades, that flit across the plain,
As the clouds pass o'er the sky.

Fleeting shadows, pass ye on!
Who would waste one wish on you,
With yonder never setting sun
And immortality in view!

XL.

HEB. xiii. 13.

GIVE me the robe and crown of thorn,
That once my SAVIOUR wore ;
For I would share my Master's scorn,
And bear the taunts HE bore :
Dearer than crown of gold and gem,
Is that acanthian diadem !

The taunts and frowns of men of earth,
What are they all to me !
Oh they are things of little worth,
Weighed with one smile from THEE,
Who bore a sorrow deeper far,
Than all these stingless trifles are !

Ah ! should I fear to own THY name
 And shudder at a frown,
 How could I bear the martyr's flame,
 And win the martyr's crown ?
 Shame ! in this day of peace, to fear
 The sinner's jest, the scorner's sneer !

No ! let me rather choose to boast,
 Wherever I may be,
 The things the world despises most,
 The nails, the spear, the tree ;
 THY lowly life, THY temper mild,
 THY spirit of a little child.

If while on earth I feel no shame
 To own THY cause and love,
 Thou wilt not shrink to own my name
 Before the POWERS above :
 Oh happy barter—to have given
 Earth's fading fame for that of heaven !

XLI.

THE DEPARTING SPIRIT.

FAREWELL ! thou vase of splendour,
I need thy light no more ;
No brilliance canst thou render
The world to which I ~~no~~ar.

Nor sun nor moonbeam brightens
Those regions with a ray,
But God himself enlightens
Their one eternal day.

FAREWELL ! sweet Nature, waving
With fruits and flowrets fair ;
Of thee but little craving,
Of what thou well canst spare:

Only an earthly pillow,
To bear my death-cold head ;
And the turf, and drooping willow,
To deck my lowly bed.

The world where I am going,
Has fairer fruits than thine ;
Life rivers ever flowing,
And skies that ever shine.

FAREWELL ! each dearest union
That bless'd my earthly hours,
We yet shall hold communion
In amaranthine bowers.

The love that seems forsaken,
When friends in death depart ;
In heaven again shall waken,
And repossess the heart.

The harps of heaven steal o'er me,
I see the jasper wall,
Jesus, who passed before me,
And God, the Judge of all !

So sang the parting spirit,
While round flowed many a tear,
Then spread her wings, to inherit
Her throne in yonder sphere.

XLII.

TO * * * * *

I LOVE not that dark piety which shades
All life's bright flowing streams and flowery glades,
Which spurns at smiles, and only loves to sigh ;
Which seeks for thorns, and casts the roses by.
RELIGION is all lovely and serene,
Peace in her bosom, beauty in her mien,
Smiles on her lips, and sun-light on her brow,
Safe for eternity, and happy now.

Yet are there some see treason in a smile,
And deem all beauty but a mask for guile ;
Who think whatever is not sad, is sin,
Lovely without, but treacherous within ;
Who count a look demure, and measur'd face,
The certain outward signs of inward grace,
Nor scruple every brother to condemn
Who wears not black, like Baal's priests and them.

A form men call RELIGION, walks on earth,
 From whencesoe'er—heaven never gave her birth ;
 Pale is her face, her eye is sunk and dim,
 Trembling her step, and palsied every limb :
 Scourges and thorns and penance form her creed,
 And her hope rises, as her torn nerves bleed ;
 Her name is SUPERSTITION, and she dwells
 Midst beads and forms, and rosaries and spells ;
 'Tis she beguiles the monk, from midnight sleep,
 At altars chill, to rise, and pray, and weep,
 That clouds his spirit, and that firmly clings
 Around his heart, and blights his earthly things :
 Sinking and worn, he fades, he pines away,
 His drear life ends, he takes his bed of clay ;
 Yet from his cradle to his last abode,
 He met not pure RELIGION on the road.

True—Sorrow often overshades the breast,
 And chills the heart that God indeed hath blest ;
 But there's a CALM the poor in spirit know,
 Which softens sorrow, and which sweetens woe ;
 But there's a PEACE that dwells within the soul
 When all around the clouds of tempests roll ;
 But there's a LIGHT which gilds the darkest hour,
 When dangers threaten, and when tempests lower :

That CALM to FAITH, and HOPE, and LOVE is giv'n ;
 That PEACE remains, when all beside is riven ;
 That LIGHT shines down to man direct from heaven.

In prison cells sequester'd and alone,
 Sits one in grief, unpitied and unknown,
 Child of the secret tear, the midnight sigh,
 The pallid countenance, the sunken eye ;
 His cold damp cell can boast no friend to share,
 No voice to cheer the bitter load of care,
 No tender hand to dry the tears he shed,
 And pillow on her breast his aching head ;
 Trampled and spurn'd by pride, by malice trod,
 He seems cast out by man, and left by God.

Trust not appearances ;—within his breast
 Shines a fair summer of perpetual rest ;
 His eye is fixed on heavenly things, and there
 Soars his torn spirit on the wings of prayer ;
 Communion with his God his thought employs,
 And his sweet minutes roll serene in joys !
He sees a Father's hand in all he bears,
— owns in all his grief a father's cares.

Dark is the way, but HIS almighty grace
 Teaches to trust him, where he cannot trace ;
 And while the wintry storm is rolling by,
 He finds all summer, and a cloudless sky !

And when in silent solitary death,
 Uncheer'd, the man of God resigns his breath,
 Although no earthly friend, perhaps, be near,
 To moisten the parch'd throat, and dry the tear,
 Yet joy awaits him, God appears his friend,
 Celestial messengers his couch attend !
 And while, with scarce an observation made,
 Low in the ground his cold remains are laid,
 His spirit liberated takes her flight
 To fields of joy, and skies for ever bright.

RELIGION ! Oh what happiness is thine,
 How bright thy smiles, how sweet how fair they shine !
 If even sorrow owns thy sunny light,
 In hours of peace how more divinely bright !
 Thou roamest by the streams, and woods, and fields,
 Tastest the pleasure that all nature yields ;
 Hearest the warbling of the birds, that sing
 In gladness to their Maker and their King,

And as the flocks and herds beside thee play,
Canst feel a heart as light and pure as they ;
Mingle thy joys with theirs, and from the sod
To heaven's high arch, see ALL-PERVADING GOD,
Lean on his arm, repose beneath his eye,
Happy to live, and confident to die ;
Secure in every age and every place,
For HE fills endless time and boundless space !

Yes, in yon little distant twinkling star
That glimmers faintly, tremulantly, far,
A speck of radiance, and a point of light
That half appears, and half eludes the sight,
GOD reigns.—That atom is a world like our's,
With seas and mountains, vales and fields, and flowers,
Cities and temples, palaces and towers ;
There monarchs govern, and there armies shine,
Oppression glitters, and its victims pine ;
There is the joy, the grief, the hope, the fear,
The silent anguish, and the secret tear,
And every beam that gilds, and cloud that shades us here.

FAITH sees futurity, and while she sees,
Though she enjoy, clings not to things like these ;

Born to exist an everlasting year,
 It little matters what awaits us here ;
 For one short hour the coronet is born,
 For one short hour the garb of rags is worn ;
 The swift though silent tide of human years
 Flows to the sepulchre and disappears ;
 Death levels every rank, and in the grave
 The monarch lies as coldly as the slave.
 But FAITH can gaze upon the sun, and say,
 " Ah glorious monarch of the burning day !
 The time is coming, be it far or near,
 When thou shalt fail, extinguished from thy sphere,
 I shall exist, eternal, ever young,
 My powers still vigorous, and my mind full strung ;
 Vast fields of wonder opening to my view,
 For ever varied and for ever new ;
 Rise on immortal wings a flight sublime,
 And the archangel's grasp of thought be mine ;
 From great to greater soar an endless way,
 And revel in the plenitude of day."

While from this height we look serenely down,
 How poor seem riches, and how mean a crown ;
 Careless if sunshine gild, or clouds deform,
 The nobler spirit sits above the storm ;

Honour no bait to tempt her feet astray,
Sorrow no bane to fright her from her way,
She smiles at all the trifles of the day.

"Tis thus, because a God is ever seen
Who changes not through every changing scene;
In storms or calm his hand is ever near,
To soothe anxiety, and banish fear;
Through HIM the Christian every danger braves,
His vessel trusts, nor dreads the threatening waves.

The gladsome mariner, in joyance light,
While day-light smiles and pleasure's sun shines bright,
Borne by soft airs, or summer seas along,
Trims his gay bark, and carols many a song;
But if the sun withdraw, and clouds arise,
And storms and thunder frown along the skies,
His spirits droop, his song is heard no more,
And his heart sickens at the tempest's roar.
Such is the confidence vain man enjoys,
Who trusts alone to earth and earthly toys;
While hours are prosperous all is well and fair,
But in the tempest—nothing save despair.

FAITH lightens every earthly lot, and sees
 In all her father's guidance and decrees,
 Walks in her path of thorns while HE sustains,
 Sings in her griefs, and smiles amidst her pains;
 HE cheers the martyr with deep torture riven,
 And gilds the bed of death with beams from heaven;
 Turns her keen eye far back, and brings anew
 Gethsemane and Calvary to view;
 Gazes through tears upon her Saviour's cross,
 And counts for Him her best performance dross;
 The darkest road that she hath ever trod,
 She knows was once the pathway of her God;
 "The pain I feel," she sings, "he knew full well,
 And all my need he suffered, and can tell;
 No cup of sorrow in my hand is placed,
 But he himself first proved its bitter taste;
 And not one grief I bear, or ever bore,
 But he hath felt that self-same grief before."
 Thou HEAVENLY WATCHER! in a night forlorn,
 Sittest in darkness waiting for the morn,
 Thou canst perceive—though scarce perceive—afar,
 The glimmering radiance of the morning star,
 While its faint beam smiles comfort to thy fear,
 Darts through the gloom, and gilds the falling tear.

HOPE, though the threatening storm before her lowers,
 Paints a fair rainbow on the falling showers,
 And o'er the road her feet have yet to go
 Sees fair fields bloom, and gentle rivers flow;
 Gentler than Faith, but from a source as pure,
 Leans on her God, and trusts her rest is sure.

Thou, Friendship's fairer sister, seraph LOVE,
 Soul cheering visitant from realms above!
 Labour is light with thee, and sorrow sweet,
 Danger we court, and hail the toils we meet;
 Where thou art found no discontentment lowers,
 The skies are bright, the fields are clothed with flow'rs;
 With thee the poor are rich, the bond are free,
 And beauties others see not beam for thee.
 Though mortal here, and though thou soon wilt die
 Beneath the influence of earth's colder sky,
 The beam of heaven shall blossom there anew
 With richer fragrance, and a brighter hue;
 No frost shall nip thee there, no vapour blight,
 But still shalt thou increase, and still give fresh delight.

Inspired by LOVE doth Charity bestow
 Her well earn'd gold to heal another's woe;

And many a refuge thy rich hoards supply,
 For those who faint and droop, and those who die.
 Sweet is their labour, and their wages sure,
 Who heal the sick, and tend upon the poor.

HE who, in scorn and anger, turns aside
 From the loud voice of Pharisaic pride,
 Nor heeds the garb that haughty sinners wear,
 The sanctimonious look and solemn air,
 Bends from his throne to hear the humble prayer ;
 The poor man's blessing wafted with a sigh,
 Breathed from a glowing heart and tearful eye,
 Ascends to heaven and God, and thence is shed,
 In dew of mercy, on the destin'd head.

With FAITH to see a God, though tempests lower,
 With LOVE to bend in gladness to his power,
 It little matters, whether good or ill,
 Or high or low, the station that we fill,
 Our spring of happiness is all within,
 And unassailable, except by sin.

Sin wins us with a smile ;—its flattering beam
 Tempts us to launch upon the summer stream ;

No terror threatens, and no tempest lowers,
 The flood all ripples, and the banks all flowers ;
 Joy dances on the wave, the breeze flits by,
 And one fair azure blooms along the sky.

Borne by the tide insensibly along,
 The banks grow wider, and the stream more strong ;
 Then down the current furiously driven,
 Storms swell the deep, and clouds obscure the heaven,
 Whirlpools and rocks await him as he flies,
 The sea ingulfs him,—and the adventurer dies.

! This triple braid of happiness divine,
 Which FAITH, and HOPE, and CHARITY entwine,
 To wear along his pilgrimage below,
 Is the best wisdom fallen man can know :
 Such wisdom then be ours ; it bears a charm
 For every earthly change and passing harm ;
 And when in fairer spheres the flowers unfold,
 They not again will droop, in blight, or cold,
 But bloom midst heaven's bright skies and meads of
 gold !

Sacred Lyrics.

SECOND SET.



SACRED LYRICS.

THE HARP.

“ And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp, and played with his hand : so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him.—1 Sam. xvi. 23.

O SPEAK to my Spirit, sweet Harp of Heaven,
For the waves of sorrow swell ;
To the power of chords like thine 'tis given,
The rising storm to quell :
Sorrow, and gloom, and fear, depart,
As thy wires harmonious ring ;
Like the Demon that fled at the lovely art
Of Israel's minstrel-king.

Were I doomed to tread a weary course,
 Of every joy bereft ;
 I yet should have a sweet resource
 If only my Harp were left :
 In the thorny road, on the stormy sea,
 In the gloomy vale of care,
 I could rise, as to Heaven, in ecstasy,
 And fly from my sorrows there !



PEACE.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you.—John xiv. 27.

PEACE ! fair maid of heavenly birth,
 Though a visitant on earth,
 Dwell, O ever dwell, with me,
 And lull me in serenity !

Ah, methinks, with **THEE** beside,
 When the summer sun declines,
 And the tranquil eventide
 With its softest beauty shines ;
 When every shade is deep and long,
 And every evening bird in song ;
 When woodbines and seringoes breathe
 Their perfumed sighs from many a wreath ;
 And every flowret blooms anew,
 Refreshed by drops of evening dew ;
 When in the water's glassy face
 Every bank and bough we trace ;
 Save where the setting sunbeam lays
 A golden bridge of chequered rays—
 Then lit by **THEE**, with those I love,
 To roam through mead, and vale, and lane,
 Happier than all—save souls above,
 I would not seek the crowd again !

O **THOU** ! who bought'st this peace for me,
 And bought'st it upon **CALVARY** !
 Hadst **THOU** not died, what were I now ?
 One with seared heart, and burning brow,

Hating these scenes, so soft, so bright,
As Demons hate the forms of light.

O may I never wander here,
Without one thought of **THEE** !
Who purchased at a price so dear
This sweet serenity !
But while I tread these walks along,
Still strike to **THEE** some grateful song ;
Till to those regions I may soar,
Where **PEACE** ne'er leaves the pilgrim more.

THE BLACKBIRD.

SWEET bard of the woods, on this still summer even,
How lovely, how soft, and how mellow thy lay ;
It is calm as the earth, it is clear as the heaven,
It is soothing and sweet, like the requiem of day.

O what art thou singing ? It speaks to my soul,
 Methinks I could tell thee the words of thy song ;
 Pure pleasure and gratitude beam through the whole,
 And the summer eve's zephyr conveys it along.

Thou art singing to him who spread fruit-trees and
 flowers,
 And laid out the woods like a garden for thee ;
 And bid the warm sun light the midsummer hours,
 And formed thee a bower in many a tree.

Sweet minstrel ! sing on, all in joy as thou art,
 My spirit grows calm and serene by thy lays ;
 And I think—'Tis a thought that enraptures my heart,
 JEHOVAH, all nature is full of thy praise !

TO THE MEMORY OF A SISTER.

FAIR prison of earth's fairest clay,
Thy chains are burst, thy bars are broken,
And I, with mingled grief, survey
Each silent mark, each icy token.

Thy cheek is fixed, thy brow is bare,
Thy lips are pale, thine eye is faded ;
Yet never seemed that face so fair,
Though bowered in locks that fancy braided.

Pleasure and health attract the view,
Life lights the eye, and gives it splendour ;
But death can shed a softer hue,
A smile more sweet, a grace more tender.

And while upon thy face I gaze,
Where once the flash of pleasure lightened,
My memory turns to other days,
And pictures hours that thou has brightened.

Perchance the smile I loved to trace
May give one day a better greeting,
And beam upon thy brother's face
A welcome to a deathless meeting.

And thou, sweet Spirit ! now set free,
Afar from all that love encumbers,
I must, must weep—yet envy thee
Thy place among the ransomed numbers.

I loved thee—yes, bear witness here
Thou heart, that felt how hard to sever ;
I love thee still, in death more dear,
Parted awhile, but not for ever !

Thy grief, thy bitterness, is o'er,
 Pardoned thy sin, and healed thy sorrow,
 And not one cloud shall hover more
 Across thine everlasting morrow !

Then far be grief—I will not mourn ;
 Why should I view thy gain with sadness ?
 I felt a pang when thou wast torn,
 But love hath melted it to gladness !



REASON AND THE PASSIONS.

FORMED in pure celestial fashion
 From a piece of nether earth ;
 Warmed by many a glowing PASSION,
 Man in Eden took his birth.

LOVE was lovely, ANGER holy,
 JOY all heavenly and serene ;
 FEAR was filial and lowly,
 HOPE lit all the future scene.

Every PASSION shed a pleasure
 Through the pure untainted soul ;
 Each possessed its rank and measure,
 Heavenly REASON swayed the whole.

SATAN came, and whispered treason
 All against her gentle sway ;
 Then the PASSIONS spurned at REASON,
 And they wandered each their way.

LOVE chose FOLLY, ANGER MADNESS,
 FEAR had GUILT to be her guide ;
 JOY walked arm in arm with sadness,
 HOPE had ENVY at her side.

REASON wandered all forsaken ;
 When she sang her sweetest song,
 Not a PASSION would awaken,
 Through the mutineering throng.

Blind to her celestial beauty,
 Deaf to her celestial strains,
 Deriding every call of duty,
 They strolled along the world's drear plains.

Turn, ye wanderers—List to REASON !
 Sad—you will be happy then ;
 You have walked in woe a season,
 Stinging all the breasts of men.

REASON, or RELIGION, calls you,
 Let your wayward wanderings cease ;
 Then whatever ill befalls you,
 All your influence will be peace.

HOPE and FEAR and ANGER yonder
 Cannot pass, but here must die ;
 But LOVE and JOY entwined will wander
 O'er the bright fields of the sky.

So the MORTAL PASSIONS ever
 Will inspirit man below,
 And the DEATHLESS PASSIONS never
 Cease in heavenly souls to glow.



THE ECLIPSE, SEPT. 7, 1820.

LAMP OF HEAVEN—How pale thou seemest !
 Sadness mingles with thy light,
 Sickly is the day thou beamest,
 Void of warmth, and faintly bright :
 Even at the mid of noon
 Feeble as a winter moon !

Drear and sad as thou appearest
To the eye of men below,
Other worlds, that view thee nearest,
Catch thy full and wonted glow ;
'Tis to us, and us alone,
Thine eclipse of light is known.

So a brighter SUN diminished
To the gaze of earthly eye,
When the death-word " IT IS FINISHED "
Bid his parting spirit fly.
But, to angel worlds above,
Then GLORY caught new rays from LOVE !

THE PROSPECT.

“ Within three days ye shall pass over this Jordan, to go in to possess the land, which Jehovah your God giveth you to possess it.—

Josh. i. 11.

How sweet, as down the vale of hours
The aged Saint descends ;
When every field of youthful flowers
In distance dimly blends ;
When every scene of earthly years,
Hill or meadow, disappears ;
To see arise
All PARADISE,
With its hills of light before him spreading ;
Whence many a ray
Of heavenly day
Illumes the pathway he is treading ;

Nought else the glittering scene dividing,
 Save DEATH's dark stream in the valley gliding.
 In his pathway many a flower may lie,
 But none so sweet as the flowers of the sky !

On earth they fade,
 E'en in the braid,
 But those of heaven can never die !
 Happy he who those hills can see,
 And say, " Yon regions bloom for me !"

LINES

Sent to a descendant of the martyred Bishop HOOPER, with a seal, upon which was engraven the Bishop's crest ; a Lamb in a burning thicket ; and the motto, " Per ignes ad Cœlum," " Through the Flames to Heaven."

'Tis a lovelier crest than the blood-stained blade,
 Or the hand stretched out to slay ;
 Than the oak-twined wreath, or the laurel braid,
 Or the bird or beast of prey :
 It was proved by deeds more lofty far
 Than the shields of war and victory are !

'Twas nobly done—to scorn at kings,
 To dare their feeble ire ;
 To smile at all terrestrial stings,
 The rack, the scourge, the fire ;
 Now to a cold damp dungeon driven,
 Then rapt in thought on things above,
 Gazing upon a Saviour's love,
 Pass through the flames to heaven.

Say, aged warrior, when thy breath
 Was struggling with the grasp of death,
 When every tortured nerve was rending,
 And death with life,
 In bitter strife
 And agony, contending,
 Wert thou not borne in soul away,
 Far from the weak consuming clay ?
 And o'er thy calm unruffled soul
 Did not celestial visions roll ?
 The martyr's stake is strewn with flowers,
 And earthly and infernal powers
 May try their little force, in vain,
 To plant a thorn, or cause a pain !

'Tis true we are not called, like thee,
 To dungeon cells and martyrty ;
 But yet the SPIRIT is not dead,
 Through whom the saints of Jesus bled ;
 For, though 'tis bound with many a chain,
 It fain would reek in blood again.

And now perhaps a surer snare
 For spirits, that might even dare
 The stake, and all the terrors there,
 The deep laid sophism of the school,
 The curling lip of ridicule,
 And taunt of sceptics bear :

Yet, rapt in thought on things above,
 Gazing upon a Saviour's love,
 We still may firm endure ;
 Though smiles or frowns contend the way,
 Despise—defythem all—and say,
 Your worst, my hold is sure !

THE VALE.

BRING not here the din of arms,
Nor the flashing sabre blade ;
The warrior's shouting and alarms
Suit not with this quiet shade.
Bring not here the din of war ;
They who dwell these groves among,
Belted warrior never saw,
Nor heard the stirring war-song sung.

Plume ne'er waved amidst this shade,
Sword ne'er shone amidst this brake,
Here the war-horse never neighed,
Nor war-boat skimmed across the lake :

But the peaceful peasant strays,
 And the maiden's song is heard,
 And the deer darts through the maze,
 And here sails the water-bird.

Go to cities, where your fame
 All its guilty merit meets ;
 Where your steeds, mid loud acclaim,
 Prance along the stone-paved streets ;
 There receive, from monarch's hand
 And lady's smiles, the meed of strife,
 The star, and commendation bland,
 The purchase price of many a life.

There in splendid guilt remain,
 But never to this Vale repair ;
 Here's RELIGION's peaceful reign,
 And the house of praise and prayer :
 Bring not here Ambition's pride,
 Tempt not any here astray ;
 In these happy shades we hide
 From the bright, but baleful, ray.

HE who, full of mercy, came
 To redeem, and bless, and save ;
 With peace, to pour o'er discord's flame ;
 With hope, to triumph o'er the grave :
 HIS meek spirit rules us here—
 And where'er HIS love is found,
 There to GOD is holy fear
 And affection all around.

Leave us, Warrior—peace is ours,
 And a SAVIOUR's dying love ;
 We wish for nought beyond these bowers,
 Save a heavenly home above :
 Happy—for we seek no ill,
 And desire no earthly name ;
 We would fain be happy still,
 Warrior—seek the crowd and fame.

THE OMNIPRESENT.

Lo, these are parts of His ways : but how little a portion is heard of
Him ?—Job xxvi. 14.

THOUGHT of wonder, Oh how mighty,
How stupendous, how profound !
Every star that sparkles yonder,
Rolls an orb of vasty round !

Thousands through the hours of darkness
Stud the concave of the sky ;
Thousand thousands, hid from science,
Shine, but reach no earthly eye.

Fly, my fancy, to yon atom,
 Yon bright speck thou scarce canst see ;
 What arises now before thee ?
 A new, a bright infinity !

Pause in wonder—myriad beings
 Cover every planet there ;
 All, for breath and life and guidance,
 Leaning on Almighty care.

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Every world has hills and valleys,
 And HIS hand formed every flower,
 Every golden-plumaged insect
 Flying through the sunny hour.

Every little joy and sorrow,
 Every hope, and every fear,
 Follow HIS supreme direction
 Fully as some mighty sphere.

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How minute, and yet how mighty !
 Who would fear beneath HIS reign ?
 Calm be the heart, and bright the sorrow,
 Stilled the terror, healed the pain.

If HE wound us, HE will heal us,
 For HE knows our every grief :
 Sweet repose in hours of gladness !
 In depression sweet relief !

IMPROVEMENT OF A THOUGHT
FROM METASTASIO.

Benche di senso privo
Fin l'arboscello è grato
A quell' amice rivo,
Da cui riceve umor ;
Per lui di frondi ornato
Bella mercè gli rende,
Quando dal sol diffende
Il suo benefattor.

THE willow that droops by the side of the river,
And drinks all its life from the stream that flows by,
In return, spends that life in the cause of the giver,
And shadows the stream from the heat of the sky.

My Creator—my God—it is THOU—I adore thee,
It is THOU art this life-giving fountain to me ;
But I am all weakness—a suppliant before thee,
I cannot return this protection to THEE !

But, ah, Thou hast many a loved one in sorrow,
 Who wanders along this bleak world all alone ;
 For such from the good thou hast sent would I borrow,
 And this, thou hast said, thou wilt look on and own.

In sadness, in poverty, sickness, or danger,
 I would succour each child of my God that I see ;
 And the aid thus bestowed in the world on its stranger,
 One day thou wilt say was bestowed upon **THEE** !

“ This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest, and this
 is the refreshing.”—Isaiah xxviii. 12.

SABBATH—day of peace and joy,
 Why art thou not peace to me ?
 Why should anxious thought destroy
 The calm that I should find in thee ?

Can I not in **MIM** confide,
 Who, though veiled in clouds, yet shines ?
 Oh, my Father—though thou hide,
 Kind alone are thy designs !

Though deep sorrow sting my breast,
 Though dark care may cloud my brow ;
 These are hours of sacred rest,
 I would fain forget them now.

"I am the root and the offspring of David, and *the bright and morning Star.*"—Rev. xxii. 16.

STAR OF MY HOPE—depart not ;
 My soul's supremest light ;
 'Tis horror where thou art not,
 Worse than **EGYPTIAN** night !

Though many a star of splendour
 Around the concave shine,
 Their beams no comfort render,
 Till lighted up by thine !

But thou, though far, canst lighten
 This dark world with thy ray ;
 And, sunlike, heaven will brighten
 The fountain of its day !



THE LILY.

“ Consider the Lilies of the field, how they grow.”—Matt. vi. 28.

By the cutting blast-wind reared,
 See the prostrate Lily lies ;
 So, his life midst tempests ended,
 Many a Saint in sorrow dies.

But the valley clods are keeping
In their treasury the flower ;
So, the Saint entombed, is sleeping
Safely through the mortal hour.

Harmlessly the winter rages
To the Lily's hidden bloom ;
So the icy blasts of ages
Unperceived roll o'er the tomb.

But in new and purer whiteness
The Lily in the spring shall rise ;
So the Saint with deathless brightness
Shall awake in cloudless skies.

A THOUGHT IMPROVED FROM METASTASIO.

Nella face, che risplende,
 Crede accolto ogni diletto,
 Ed anela il fanciulletto
 A quel tremulo splendor ;
 M^a se poi la man vi stende,
 A ritrarla è pronto invano,
 Che fuggendo allor la mano,
 Porta seco il suo dolor.

THE Infant deems some pleasure lies
 Within the taper's trembling ray ;
 He grasps it—the delusion flies,
 He only carries pain away !

So senseless Man delight perceives
 In some untasted splendid thing ;
 He gains it—joy the phantom leaves,
 While haply there remains a sting.

GREAT ARBITER of all below,
 Direct my views, and fix my lot ;
 Thou knowest what would work my woe,
 And though I wish it—grant it not !

I am continually with *Thee*.—Ps. lxxiii. 23.

COULD I for a moment deem
 God is not in all I see ;
 Oh how dreadful were the dream,
 Of a world devoid of *THEE* !

No protector—none to guide—
 None to turn the shafts of ill ;
 All the powers of death might ride
 O'er the prostrate at their will.

But because I know that *THOU*
 Rulest all that falls to me ;
 I can smile at sorrow now,
 Since it comes in love from *THEE*.

SICKNESS.

Aegroti denique, qui morbo incurabile laborant ; hi omnes, non respiciant crucem, sed *cum* qui crucem humeris illorum posuit. Is enim sine dubio Deus fuit, qui pater noster amantissimus est.

Lastly, the Sick, who labour under incurable sickness, let them regard, not the cross, but *him* who placed the cross upon their shoulders : for without doubt it was God, who is our most affectionate Father.

Cardinal Bellarmine de septem verbis, &c.

WHEN languid Nature, in deep fever burning,
 Feels all her vital springs are parched and dry ;
 From side to side, still restless, ever turning,
 And scared by phantoms of delirium by :

How sweet, but for a moment's space to ponder,
 Surrounded by these bitter, burning things,
 Where fresh cool life, and gushing health flow yonder,
 From pure, celestial, and immortal springs !

And if to death the captive burn and languish,
 And earth and all its loves and joys be o'er,
 In yonder temple he shall lose his anguish,
 A heavenly pillar to go out no more.



HYMN,

Written for the Children of the London Orphan Asylum.
 (Air Lewes.)

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
 O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;
 Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
 For we have no help but thee ;
 Yet possessing
 Every blessing,
 If our God our father be !

Saviour ! breathe forgiveness o'er us ;
All our weakness thou dost know,
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go !

Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love, with every passion blending,
Pleasure, that can never cloy.
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy !

REPENTANCE.

When the Lord saw that their Repentance was good and pure, and that they should continue in it, he commanded their former sins to be blotted out.

The Shepherd of St. Hermas.

LIKE the dew-drops on the lawn,
 When the hours of night have fled,
 Are the tear-drops at the dawn
 Of the day of mercy shed.

Like the sun, that from on high
 Beams the fervour of his ray,
 Are the smiles of Love, that dry
 All the tears of grief away.

Though a thousand drops they be,
 All reflect one common sun ;
 So, in repenting tears, we see
 One Saviour's Love, and only one !

SUDDEN DEATH.

The following remarkable circumstance occurred in a circle of friends, who were debating what might be considered the happiest departure. One of the party thus suddenly expired.

WHICH is the happiest death to die ?

“OH,” said one, “if I might choose,
Long at the gate of bliss would I lie,
And feast my spirit, ere it fly,
With bright celestial views:

Mine were a lingering death without pain,
A death which all might love to see,
And mark how bright and sweet would be
The victory I should gain :

Fain would I catch a hymn of love
From the angel-harps that ring above,
And sing it, as my parting breath
Quivered and expired in death ;
So that those on earth might hear
The harp-notes of another sphere,

And mark, when nature faints and dies,
 What springs of heavenly life arise;
 And gather from the death they view,
 A ray of hope, to light them through
 When they should be departing too."

"No," said another, "so not I:
 Sudden as thought is the death I would die;
 I would suddenly throw my shackles by,
 Nor bear a single pang at parting,
 Nor see the tear of sorrow starting,
 Nor hear the quivering lips that bless me,
 Nor feel the hands of love that press me,
 Nor the frame with mortal terror shaking,
 Nor the heart where love's soft bands are breaking.
 So would I die!
 All bliss, without a pang to cloud it!
 All joy, without a pain to shroud it!
 Not slain, but caught up, as it were,
 To meet my Saviour in the air!
 So would I die!

Oh how bright
 Were the realms of light,
 Bursting at once upon the sight !
 Even so
 I long to go—
 These parting hours, how sad and slow !”

His voice grew faint, and fixed was his eye
 As if gazing on visions of ecstasy ;
 The hue of his cheek and lips decayed,
 Around his mouth a sweet smile played :—
 They looked—he was dead !
 His spirit had fled,
 Painless and swift, as his own desire ;
 The soul, undrest,
 From her mortal vest
 Had stepped in her car of heavenly fire,
 And proved how bright
 Were the realms of light,
 Bursting at once upon the sight !

A Land of darkness and of death-shade.—Job.

THERE are groves of the banian, mango and palm,
 Where the sun is all cloudless, the air all balm,
 Where the crested birds of the tropics go,
 With their plumage of azure and crimson and gold,
 Where laden with fragrance, the zephyrs blow,
 And the shadowy brooks run clear and cold :
 Where in flowers so sweet the turf is drest,
 That the bees are fabled, o'ercome with delight,
 To drop their wings from further flight,
 And slumber entranced on their breast :
 There entwine
 The orange and pine,
 And the nectared nut of the cocoa tree ;
 The nilica blows
 With the lily and rose,
 And the clustered grape hangs lusciously ;
 And the forms that rove
 Through that fragrant grove
 Are lovely and bright as forms can be.

But there are prayers and rites impure,

And cruel offerings smoke ;

And those light graceful forms endure

An evil spirit's yoke !

The altar of that grove appears

Sprinkled with human blood and tears ;

The mother turns her head away,

And shrieks with anguish, as the knife

Pierces her infant, and its life

Ebbs on the mount of clay ;

As the priest lights up the blazing pile,

And hymns of hell are sung the while.

Was not this within the pale

That the SAVIOUR died to save ?

Was it not for this far vale

That he rose and left the grave ?

Was HIS mercy to have shone,

To cheer more polished lands alone ?

Ah, sure it was not !—Even here

The crown of thorns, the nails, the spear,

The cry of agony, the prayer,

Are strong to save, as well as there !

Bear them—Evangelists of peace,
Your message from above ;
Fly—bid these rites of horror cease,
Point to redeeming love ;
Oh tell them, as beneath the shade
Of blood-stained groves they lie,
ONE MIGHTY SACRIFICE is made,
A SAVIOUR came to die !
The days of offering are o'er,
And victims need be slain no more.

Oh they will hail the beam of light,
As mariners forlorn,
Who, tossed by tempests all the night,
Cheer at the blush of morn ;
Oh they will cast their idols by,
And call on HIM who came to die !

Fly, then—and to HIS reign be won
This land of beauty and the sun ;
And where but savage hordes abound,
May Christian villages be found,
Arising one by one !

So every lovely grove and field
Shall joy without a contrast yield,
For while the sun shines warm and bright
We shall not mourn a moral night,
And while the fruits of earth are fair
Blossoms of heaven will flourish there,
And the hymn will rise
In those cloudless skies,
And those groves breathe holy prayer.

Oh THOU, who on this land hast shone
With nature's brightest ray,
Make it—oh make it all thine own,
And beam, for THOU canst beam alone,
A clear celestial day!

ABSENCE.

THEN we must part awhile—these hours will be
Dreary and solitary hours to me !
My soul, disconsolate and left alone,
Will long to fly, and be where you have flown.
It was with you that all I have enjoyed
Seemed fresh and fragrant still, and never cloyed ;
It was with you I loved to thread the brake,
To walk the mead, or sail upon the lake,
To hear the harp (for music had no fire
Unless your fingers flew along the wire :)
And all the loveliness that met my view
Seemed only lovely when adorned by you.

Yet these are lessons useful, though severe ;
And ABSENCE teaches, though she draw a tear ;
She whispers, “ Deem not, deem not while on earth,
Unceasing joy in aught of mortal birth.

The purest sky that bends o'er mortal hours
Is sometimes dark with clouds and moist with
showers ;

Oh learn to place your warmest, deepest love
On things that cannot change, and far above :
If a short absence nip thy joy's light bloom,
How wilt thou shudder at an opening tomb !
And how will all thy soul turn pale away
When Love's soft treasure takes her bed of clay !"

Ah ! still, methinks, though it were hard to bear,
It were a pang less deep to see you there !
For I could feel—or trust I could—that then
You were beyond the cares that harass men,
And with an eye of faith could see you rise
A seraph in the pathway of the skies ;
And think, when I was tempted to repine,
Eternal suns were yours, though clouds were mine,
And that the pillar shrouding me in night,
To you was one bright stream of heavenly light.
Then could I hope, when some few years passed o'er,
To join you with the love I felt before,
To join you—and then—never leave you more.

But while we both are wandering here below,
 And what one feels the other cannot know ;
 Each in a different path of travel borne,
 And each, perhaps, beset with many a thorn ;
 I fear, lest pain or care may aim a dart,
 While I am far, and cannot share the smart,
 Nor lighten, as I used to do, the heart.

Oft have some said, while gazing on the light
 Of day's bright monarch, or the queen of night,
 " By these, how near seem parted friends to be,
 The orb that lights the absent, shines on me !"
 But seas and continents may intervene,
 And wide and trackless regions lie between,
 And while one feels the warmth of noontide day,
 The other may but see the lunar ray :
 But there is ONE, whose universal light
 Shines through infinity serene and bright ;
 To HIM we each may look, and truly deem
 His love shines on us with a mutual beam :
 Through HIM, though parted, we may still seem near,
 E'en were we dwelling in a different sphere ;

Though systems part us, we may yet find there
One home of spirit, and one point of prayer.
While wondrous SYMPATHY, perhaps, conveys
To each refreshment, while the other prays.

Then fare thee well—and wheresoe'er we roam,
Be this our point of union and our home :
True, it is but in thought, and we are still
Divided, and exposed to separate ill ;
But the same hand will lead us each our road,
And safe convey us to the same abode ;
So, should we meet again on earth no more,
We shall unite in heaven, and part no more.

THE SABBATH EVENING.

YE hours of sweetness,
 How swift are ye flying ;
Why pass with such fleetness,
 Why haste to your dying !
Ah linger awhile,
 And let memory borrow
One ray of your smile,
 For the toil of to-morrow.

So the Patriarch pressed,
 As the morning bereft him,
His heavenly guest
 To bless, ere he left him ;
And oft, when the night
 Threw its dark shadow o'er him,
That blessing with light
 Cheered the pathway before him.

So let, while I wander,
 Your sweetness remind me,
 To look back and ponder
 On you—left behind me:
 For to you I would seek,
 Each shadow to brighten,
 And the path of the week
 With joy to enlighten:

The whole *Family* in heaven and Earth, —Ephes. iii. 15.

'Tis BUT ONE FAMILY—the sound is balm,
 A seraph whisper to a wounded heart;
 It lulls the storm of sorrow to a calm,
 And draws the venom from the avenger's dart.

'Tis but one Family—the accents come
 Like light from heaven, to break the night of woe;
 The banner-cry, to call the spirits home;
 The shout of victory o'er a fallen foe.

Death cannot separate—is MEMORY dead ?

Has thought too vanished, and has love grown chill ?
Has every relic and memento fled ?
And are the living only with us still ?

No—in the heart, the lost we mourn remain
Objects of love and ever fresh delight ;
And FANCY leads them in her fairy train,
In half seen trances past the mourner's sight.

Yes—in ten thousand ways, or far or near,
The called by love, by meditation brought,
In heavenly visions yet they haunt us here,
The sad companions of our sweetest thought.

Death never separates—the golden wires,
That ever trembled to their names before,
Will vibrate still, though every form expires,
And those we love we look upon no more !

No more, indeed, in sorrow and in pain,
But even MEMORY's need ere long will cease ;
For we shall join the lost of love again
In endless bands and in eternal peace !

THE SUMMER NIGHT.

Oh come, thou soft moon-light of Summer,
 Oh come with thy cool breathing air,
 For all that is calm to the spirit,
 And all that is lovely, is there.

There passion and sorrow reposing,
 Disturb not the peace of the breast ;
 There anger, and envy, and malice,
 And pride, and disdain, are at rest.

How quiet the woods and the waters,
 How cloudless the heaven above !
 The Soul, in the sweetness of fancy,
 Reponders each subject of love !

How fairer this season of peace,
 Than those that are bright with the sun ;
 It comes like a sabbath of rest,
 When the labour of morning is done.

With all this sweet quiet, exchanged
 For the toil and the war and the din,
 For a moment we scarce can believe,
 This fair Earth the dwelling of Sin.

If Nature has beauties so pure,
 Even now, when polluted and curst,
 Oh what must the moonlight have been
 That beamed over Eden at first !

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

ADDRESSED TO

The TEACHER of a Village Sunday School, 26th July 1820.

LADY, if I, who scarce can ring
 One weak note on the silken string,
 May dare to sound that note to you,
 Who strike the chords so full and true ;
 Nor fear the keen detecting eye
 Too many a discord will descry,

Till, passing on from bad to worse,
 You ask, "Is this lame prose or verse?"
 If I may venture on a lay,
 The subject of its notes shall be,
 To thank you for these hours of glee—
 For **LADY**, you appeared to me
 Queen of the fairy holiday.

What are the hours that wear the grace
 Of **PLEASURE**'s brightest hue!
 The ball, the concert, or the race,
 The stage, or the review?
 The blaze of splendour may be bright,
 But all beyond its noon is night;
 And **REASON**, when the glittering scene
 Is to the full enjoyed,
 Reverts, and wishes it had been
 Far otherwise employed!
 But these are lovely as they fly,
 And, not like those of **Pleasure's Sun**,
 When all their light is set and done,
 Cheer the reverted eye.

To me no fairer yet have past
 Than these, so lovely, and the last.
 Oft in my mind's eye will be seen
 The bower of flowers and lattice green,
 The group that feasted merrily,
 Happy as happy they could be ;
 And the fairy dance I saw them weave
 Upon the soft green mead at eve.

May many days like this pass by,
 And all and every, as they fly,
 Be bright as this, and each one shed
 New showers of blessing on your head ;
 Mercy twice sheds refreshing dew,
 In giving and receiving too :
 And when these children, young to-day,
 Shall live to age and wintry grey,
 When they recal who led them here,
 And taught them heavenly hope and fear,
 They will recount that every sweet
 That strewed the pathway of their feet,
 At least each flower of heavenly hue,
 Was strewn along that path by You ;

And haply on the bed of death
 May bless you with their parting breath.
 Thus the light smiles of youth shall beam,
 And the grateful tear of age shall gleam,
 To twine a wreath of lasting bloom,
 That cannot wither in the tomb.

“The deceitfulness of sin.”—Heb. iii. 13.

With glittering scales of green and gold,
 And eyes of ruby ray,
 Encoiled in many a graceful fold,
 A deadly Serpent lay:
 Above his head the blooming flower
 Formed a fair and perfumed bower;
 The summer sun shone bright and warm,
 And heightened his colour and marked his form:

If colour and form may tempt thee there,
 Place in thy bosom that thing so fair,
 And gather the rose
 That over it blows,
 And the lovely trophy wear.

Not the colour, nor form, nor the eye's bright ray,
 Nor the rose flower's perfumed breath,
 Would tempt me, 'methinks I hear thee say,
 To clasp to my bosom—Death !
 That Serpent's venom'd fang will pierce
 With torment, fiery and fierce !

Oh, then remember—when all as fair
 As that bed of flowers and Serpent there,
 PLEASURE thy soul with smiles would win
 To the fair but fatal paths of SIN,
 Oh, then—oh, then—beware !
 Beware !—for not so fell, in truth,
 Is the poisoned barb of the Serpent's tooth,
 As the pang of PLEASURE'S snare :
 Death comes—Earth's torment passes by,
 But the sting of SIN can never die !

PROSPERITY.

SAIL on, sail on, thou lovely bark,
 O'er the soft and the summer sea ;
 The bright waves break, and many a spark
 Forms a path of gems for thee !
 The sky is blue, the sun is bright,
 The billows roll their heads in light,
 The downy west wind, gently pressing,
 Breathes prosperity and blessing,
 And joy, as it were, through the soft air glides,
 Shines in the sun-beam, and parts the tides !

Clad in Pleasure's vestments there,
 A happy party thou dost bear.
 Oh you, who o'er this summer sea
 Sail so gay and joyously,

At least let one bright thought arise
 To HIM, who made those spotless skies,
 And bid the gentle west wind play,
 And lit this sunny holiday;
 Nor only so, but lit it too
 To be enjoyed and seen by you !

PROSPERITY ! thy cloudless hours
 Are doubly bright, when we perceive
 Not only all thy sun and flowers,
 Thy streams, and airs, and shady bowers,
 But HIM, from whom we ALL receive,

In the fair days of summer splendour,
 Prosperous airs and smiling seas,
 GOD OF OUR JOYS—how sweet to render
 Thanks to the hand that gave us these !

WINTER.

“ Who can stand before his *cold* ! ”—Ps. cxlvii. 17.

How dreadful art THOU, when the storm clouds of
thunder

Enwrap thee, a mantle of darkness and ire,
When the blow of thine arm cleaves the mountains
asunder,

And the forests are burnt by thine angels of fire !

But oh how more keen, and more bitter thine anger,
When the ice wind of Winter howls over the plain,
Than the flame darting storm, in its fury and clangor,
Than the poisonous blast with its thousands of slain.

Chill Misery, naked, and homeless, and shivering,
The pang of the Spirit, and dreary despair ;
The skeleton form, the pale cold lip quivering,
And the slow eating death of sharp torture are there.

ALMIGHTY AVENGER ! when snow storms are beating,
 And clouds the ice drops from their bosoms unfold,
 When the bleak wind is high, and no home for
 retreating,
 Oh, who can withstand thy swift armies of cold !

“ Then saith he unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto
 death.”—Matt. xxvi. 38.

AH, there was once a night of fear,
 When the REDEEMER'S cheek was wet,
 And dew-drops shone from many a tear
 Within the flowers of Olivet !

Then Sorrow whelmed him like a flood,
 Until the agony he bore
 Burst in a pain-drawn gush of blood,
 And oozed through every opening pore.

Oh sound, my Soul, thy saddest song,

While this deep wonder thou dost see—

He bore that sorrow for thy wrong,

That bloody sweat for love of thee!

Gaze, then, and never yield again

To evil powers that lurk within;

But in a Saviour's dying pain

View the deep turpitude of Sin!

THE HECTIC FLUSH.

WAVERING flame in death ascending,

Vestal life-fire of the breast;

Pure ethereal Spirit, tending

To thy home of heavenly rest;

Like the western sun declining,

Like the star above the wave,

Its fairest, purest lustre, shining

On the bosom of its grave!

More fair than gayest **HEALTH** hath tinted
 For his brightest summer bloom,
 Is the blush by **DEATH** imprinted
 For the bridal of the tomb :
 As the gathered floweret, dying,
 Breathes away its sweetest breath ;
 As the softest zephyr, sighing,
 Sinks the evening to death :

So the light of mid-day splendour,
 Beaming from beneath that brow,
 Never shone so sweetly tender
 As the parting radiance now !
 Never seemed that face so saintly,
 Never seemed that brow so fair,
 As now through clouds are breaking faintly
 Streaks of Heaven's Aurora there !

Come and view her, ye who deem not
SPIRIT lives when **MATTER** dies ;
 Come—and testify we dream not,
 While the victim gasping lies—

Ere the light of earthly Even
 Draws its last retiring ray :
 The cloudless, deathless, light of heaven
 Shows the blush of opening day !

WAR.

Who would die as VALOUR dies !
 Red with stains of human gore,
 Sung to Death by torturous cries,
 And requiemed by the cannon's roar ;
 Where the blasphemy, and curse,
 And hatred, each in chaos reigns ;
 And agony, and all that's worse
 Than aught beside this earth contains ?
 HE falls like LUCIFER, who fell
 And streamed a line of baleful light
 Along his path, from Heaven's fair height
 Down to the deep of Hell.

Though an admiring world may gaze,
To see the mangled warrior die ;
And FOLLY wonders at the blaze
Of meteors in WAR's troubled sky ;
In stern bright death to spurn at all
In earth below or heaven above,
May win admirers to a fall,
But few or none who weep and love !

How sweetly parts the Christian's sun,
Just like the summer monarch, set
In cloudless skies, his journey done,
To rise in brighter regions yet !
Oh, where the Christian ends his days
Lingers a lovely line of rays
That speaks his calm departure blest,
And promises, to those who gaze,
The same beatitude of rest !

"I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day," *1st Tim. i. 12.*

CEASE thy struggles, mortal life !

Earthly vapor, pass away !

Spirit !—burst the bitter strife,

Quit thy prison-house of clay !

Gasping flesh, forbear thy hold !

Though thy gates and bars be strong,

Thy pulse is still ! thy heart is cold !

Thou canst not keep thy captive long.

Lapt in the shroud, the earth's cold breast

Shall be thy bed for many a year ;

And not a dream disturb thy rest,

Nor pain provoke a single tear.

Safer than gold in eastern mine,
 Safer than gem in ocean's cave,
 Thy scattered relics shall recline
 In the deep coffers of the grave.

There, till the angel trumpet sound,
 Ages of silence thou shalt lie;
 Then, from thine earthly cell rebound,
 Beauteous in immortality.

Then loose thy hold, thy power is vain !
 Thy sister Soul and thee must sever ;
 But thou shalt join her soon again,
 In lovelier bands, that last for ever.

POVERTY.

THE cottage of poverty, lowly and mean,
Where the poor and the humble in spirit are seen,
Was the place the REDEEMER most honoured on earth,
While he sought not the towers of splendor and mirth.

'Twas the poor and the simple who followed him still
Through sadness and sorrow, through despite and ill,
Whose hands earned his need, and whose eyes wept
his doom,
Who were last at the cross, and the first at the tomb.

And in all that was dark and in all that was drear,
In every trouble, and every fear,
By every thorn that was found in their way,
Himself was more pierced, more afflicted than they.

Then away with the pride and disdain that would glow
Over all the Redeemer thus hallowed below;
And when the high heart and proud spirit rebel,
Its scene let THE COTTAGE OF BETHANY tell !

FORGIVENESS.

(An Indian Thought.)

WHEN on the fragrant SANDAL tree
The woodman's axe descends,
And she who bloomed so beautifully,
Beneath the keen stroke bends,
E'en on the edge that wrought her death,
Dying, she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if to token in her fall,
Peace to her foes, and Love to all.

How hardly Man this lesson learns,
To smile, and bless the hand that spurns—
To see the blow, to feel the pain,
But render only Love again :
This spirit not to earth is given ;
One had it—but HE came from Heaven ;
Reviled, rejected, and betrayed,
No curse HE breathed, no plaint HE made,
But when in death's deep pang he sighed,
Prayed for his murderers, and died !

ELEGIAC SONNET.

BY METASTASIO.

LEGGIADRA rosa, le cui pure foglie
 L'alba educo con le soavi brine,
 E a cui le molli aurette matutine
 Fero a vermiglio colorar le spoglie,
 Quella provvida man che al suol ti toglie
 Vuol trasportati ad immortal confine:
 Ove spogliata delle ingiuste spine,
 Sol la parte miglior di te germoglie.
 Così fior diverrai, che non soggiace
 All'acqua, al gelo, al vento, ed allo scherno
 D'una stagion volubile, e fugace,
 E a più fida cultor posta in governo,
 Unir potrai nella tranquilla pace,
 Ad eterna bellezza, ad ore eterno.

IMITATION.

Ah, lovely Rose, whose leaves of verdant grace
 Were nourished by the cool refreshing dew,
 And whom the morning airs, that lightly blew,
 Gave the red blush that mantled in thy face;
 The hand that tears thee from thy native place
 In an immortal soil would plant thee new:
 Thy stem no rugged thorn shall there deface,
 But all that's lovely wear a lovelier hue.
 Thus, parting flower, no longer wilt thou be
 Subject to winter colds and summer heats,
 But a more constant hand shall shelter thee,
 Where no scene changes, and no tempest beats,
 And thou shalt blend, as heavenly seasons flee,
 Eternal beauties with eternal sweets.

THE NEW YEAR.

1821.

TIME DEPARTED—thou dost flee
Like the dew-cloud of the sky,
Another drop, to join the sea
Of ETERNITY gone by !

Tell me—Moments now no more,
As the returnless path ye trod,
What was the report ye bore
To the oracle of God ?

Was the accusation just,
TIME still wasted and mispent ;
TIME committed to my trust,
Most precious far of talents lent ?

When the Memory turns to gaze
 Over all that yet has been,
 Oh how drear seem mispent days—
 A barren, and a desert scene !

If some moments, here and there,
 Were in better use employed,
 They bloom like spots of verdure fair
 In the wide and sterile void.

Ever as the beams appear
 In the first of annual hours,
 HOPE enwreathes the infant year
 With a coronet of flowers :

Then we think, as moments fly,
 TIME shall not be lost again,
 But the future, passing by,
 All its burden shall sustain.

Thus the Elegy, that sings
The retiring Year away ;
And the Song that, as it springs,
Hails the New Year's natal day ;

Mourns o'er days of useless flight,
Hopes the coming hours to seize ;
When shall Conscience cease to write
Vows but made to break like these !

FINIS.

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SACRED LYRICS,

BY

JAMES EDMESTON,

AUTHOR OF "ANSTON PARK," A TALE;
WORLD OF SPIRITS, ETC.



THIRD SET.



Sacred should be the product of our Muse,
Like that sweet oil, above all private use,
On pain of Death forbidden to be made,
But when it should be on the Altar laid.

WALLER.



LONDON:

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1822.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY
JAMES CLAYTON

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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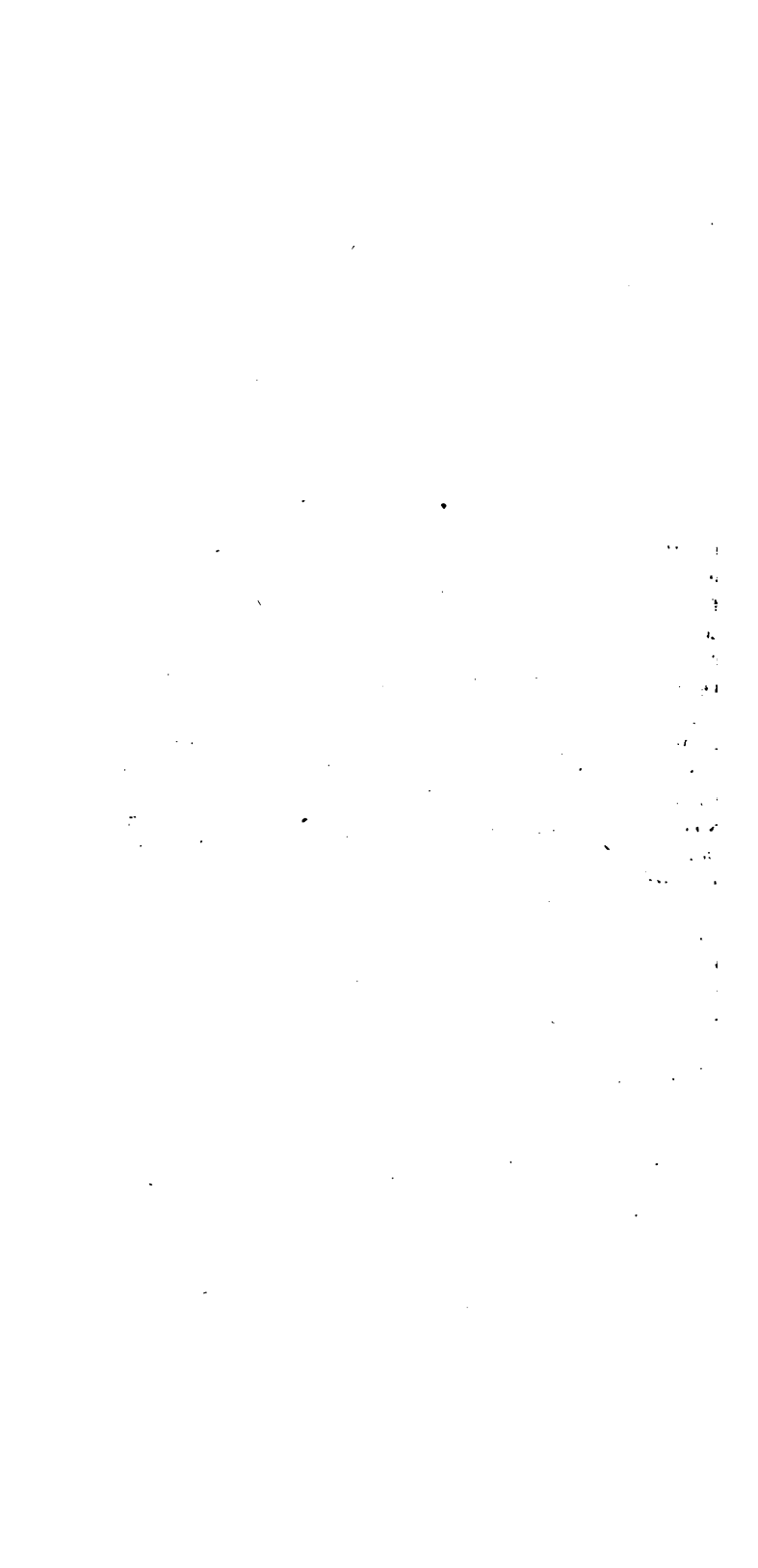
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TO MY FRIEND

NATHAN DRAKE, M.D.

AUTHOR OF LITERARY HOURS—ESSAYS ON PERIODICAL LITERATURE—SHAKSPEARE AND HIS TIMES—WINTER NIGHTS—EVENINGS IN AUTUMN, &c.

JAMES EDMESTON.



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SACRED LYRICS.



INVOCATION.



H! for one flash of that pure fire,
In Heaven intense and bright;
To glance along this trembling lyre,
And wake its chords to light :
Then would I sing, that all around,
Were wrapt in pleasure at the sound !



Then, would I give the Spirit wings
To soar into the sky ;
The sounds that lit these feeble strings,
Should lift the thought on high :
And lead the enchanted heart along,
Bound in the magic cords of song !

GREAT SPIRIT ! who didst erst descend,
To glow in prophet's soul ;
To me, thy holy influence lend,
Direct, inspire the whole :
Then can I sing, if I may be
Directed and inspired by THEE !





THE CHRISTIAN'S GRAVE.



When I am dead, then bury me in the Sepulchre wherein the man of God is buried : lay my bones beside his bones.—1 Kings, xiv. 31.



THERE is a spot—a lovely spot,
 Embosomed in a valley dell;
The eye of Splendor marks it not,
 Nor travellers of its beauties tell.

The Hazel forms a green bower there,
 Beneath, the grassy covering lies;
And forest flowers, surpassing fair,
 Mingle their soft and lovely dyes.

MORN decks the spot with many a gem,
And the first break of Eastern ray,
Lights up a spark in each of them,
That seems to hail the opening day.

When first that beam of morning breaks,
The Fancy here a smile might see,
Like that, when first the saint awakes
At dawn of immortality.

The free birds love to seek the shade,
And here they sing their sweetest lays ;
Meet requiem—He who there is laid,
Breathed his last dying voice in praise.

And here the Villager will stray,
What time his daily work is done,
When Evening sheds the western ray
Of sweet, departing summer sun.

~~~~~  
On lovely lips his name is found,  
And simple hearts yet hold him dear,  
The PATRIARCH of the village round,  
The PASTOR of the chapel near.

The holy cautions that he gave,  
The prayers he breathed, the tears he wept,  
Yet linger here, though in his grave,  
Through many a year, the saint has slept.

And oft the Villager has said,  
“ Oh, I remember, when a child,  
“ He placed his hand upon my head,  
“ And bless’d me then, and sweetly smiled.

“ ’Twas he that led me to my God,  
“ And taught me to obey his will;  
“ The holy path which he has trod,  
“ Oh, be it mine to follow still !”





**GRAVE OF THE RIGHTEOUS ! Surely there**  
**The sweetest bloom of beauty is,**  
**Oh, may I sleep in couch as fair,**  
**And with a hope as bright as his !**





## THE MILLENNIUM.

---

It seems, as if the summer sky  
Assumed a purer, blue ;  
It seems, as if the flowret's dye  
Put on a brighter hue ;  
It seems, as if rough Ocean's wave  
Could now the bark but gently lave ;  
A loveliness so soft, so fair,  
Pervades the Earth, the Sea, the Air ;  
Peace dwells below, and all above  
Bespeaks the heavenly reign of Love.



**EMMANUEL!**—Thy Sceptre bends

O'er every land beneath the sun ;  
Where'er the track of Man extends,

Have thy sweet victories been won !  
Thy Cross has shone the cresset light  
To wandering men, in storms of night,  
And show'd them, anxious and distressed,  
The haven of eternal rest.

**COMMERCE!** not now, as once of old,  
Art thou the tool of vice for gold ;  
The tears of woe, and blood of slaves,  
Not now, as once, pollute the waves ;  
Food for soft **VICE**, and **PLEASURE**'s store,  
Lade the polluted boards no more ;  
But every good that Nature yields,  
Rich fruits from gardens, food from fields,  
The treasures, suns and showers dispense,  
Through all-pervading Providence,  
Fruits of the mind, and many a store  
Of human, and of sacred Lore !

The ARTS and SCIENCES combine,  
SAVIOUR ! to make the Empire thine.  
PAINTING pourtrays some lovely thought ;  
The airy group hath SCULPTURE wrought ;  
SONG bids to HIM, her lays aspire,  
And MUSIC gives them warmer fire ;  
FANCY and REASON, STRENGTH and ART,  
Each bears her own, her several part.  
The curse of WAR is past and o'er,  
The blade shall bathe in blood no more !

Within the cot, within the tower,  
Wherever we may roam ;  
In city, field, or summer bower,  
How sweet is every home !  
LOVE and RELIGION mingling there,  
Make all alike around it fair.

Sweet is the beaming smile of light,  
That LOVE darts through the eye ;  
Her glance may well make warm and bright  
The sternest winter sky.



Love bids perpetual summer shine,  
And bids perpetual roses twine,  
    Though storms be howling by :  
But when to Love so warm, is given,  
To look past Earth's short bound, to Heaven ;  
To see its sweets re-bloom anew,  
In fields more green, and skies more blue ;  
Love, burning with RELIGION's flame,  
Each hope, each fear, each joy the same ;  
Souls, both as one, commingled there,  
The same bright hope, the same sweet prayer,  
The cross, their common bond, the seal,  
That faith, which each profess and feel :  
Oh, this is Love, surpassing far,  
What all mere earthly passions are ;  
More pure, more lovely, and more warm,  
Than lit by fairest earthly form.

Such is the Love that shines around,  
    In Palace, Hall, or Cot,  
The looks that beam, the words that sound,  
    The joy that decks the spot.

The hymn floats softly through the vale,  
The scent of flowers is in the gale,  
Combining joy and summer sun,  
Perfume, and music, all in one.  
The infant group are now at play,  
Bright, as that sun, and summer's day,  
While the fond mother smiles, to see  
The ring dance round so merrily.

Beam on ! beam on ! ye sacred hours,  
With joyance ever new ;  
No storm descends, no tempest lowers,  
No sorrow saddens you :  
The sun that makes your happy day,  
Bids e'en the inmost soul be gay.

If Heav'n has ever shone below,  
Its dawning now appears ;  
We seem to catch the morning glow,  
From those celestial spheres :  
We seem to catch a blush of light,  
From the golden walls, and portals bright ;

A sweet reflection from the ray,  
Which no sun beams,  
Nor fair moon gleams,  
But GOD HIMSELF sheds all the day.

This is the time so long foreseen,  
When ages rolled their years between ;  
Thy reign Oh, PRINCE OF PEACE !  
ENVY, and STRIFE, and WRATH have fled,  
The POWERS OF SIN seem bound and dead,  
And PAIN and SORROW cease !  
This was the empire thou didst buy,  
When on the cross, ascending high,  
DEATH yielded THEE the victory !  
Oh may it be an endless reign,  
Nor Earth know other rule again !





## MEETING.

TO \* \* \* \*



ALL welcome to thee !—Thus the morning ray  
Breaks on the night-worn traveller's gloomy way ;  
That first sweet sun-burst bids *his* pathway shine,  
Thou art the earthly beam that gladdens *mine*.


Thy God hath kept thee, though to man unseen,  
Around thee His eternal arms have been,  
And many a secret shaft of malice shot  
Against thy health and peace, have harm'd thee not,  
He saw its aim, and turned its point aside ;  
Though on thy right and left ten thousand died,  
Yet all unhurt, and safely, thou hast pass'd  
By man, by sorrow, by the sickly blast ;  
And that kind hand that thus protected thee,  
Hath led thy welcome footsteps back to me.



~~~~~

Oh, God is good indeed !—His mercy spreads
The grassy ground—the Heaven above our heads—
The fruits and flowers of Earth—and bids us raise
To His kind hand, continual songs of praise ;
Even in punishment, his mercy blends
To mitigate the cup his anger sends.
When erst from EDEN, sinful man he drove,
Across a curs'd and desart world to rove,
He did not part them, and command to stray
In lonely sadness, each a different way ;
But saved them, from the ruins of the Fall,
The dearest, the most heavenly gift of all ;
LOVE, that will sweetly glow, and hearts to bear
The cherished burden of each other's care ;
The eye that weeps for us, the smile that shines,
The hand that helps, the cherishment that twines—
Oh, these are sweets, that show us, though the Fall
Has stolen much, it has not stolen all !

When those who love, and long were sever'd, meet,
To what a pulse of joy the spirits beat !



~~~~~

As if the time of absence and of pain  
Was over, never to return again ;  
But fleeting and uncertain at the best,  
Is all on this side Heaven's eternal rest ;  
And if at parting, Hope delight to view  
The moment that unites our hands anew,  
Let us ! Oh let us ! when we meet, beware  
How transient all terrestrial unions are !  
Ah !—if we hold ourselves prepared to part,  
How many a sorrow shall we save the heart !

Man but awhile the cup of joyance sips,  
Ere DEATH remove the chalice from his lips,  
And the warm heart, and love-expressing eye,  
Cold and unfeeling, in the low grave lie ;  
But those who love as deathless Spirits ought,  
View all the years of Heaven in present thought,  
And feel, when every parting hour is past,  
A day of endless union comes at last.





## THE SONG OF MIRIAM.



The Dance which the women of Israel performed upon this occasion, was one still in use in many parts of the East, in which the leader takes in her hand a shawl or some instrument of music, and those who follow her, imitate her movements and her steps.



HARK to the sound of the Timbrel,  
By the side of EGYPT's waters ;  
'Tis the song and the dance of triumph,  
Of ISRAEL's dark-eyed daughters :  
O'er many a neck so swan-like,  
The loose black locks are flowing ;  
And many a lip is smiling,  
And many a cheek is glowing ;  
And those dark eyes are beaming,  
And those warm hearts are leaping ;  
And those light forms are swimming,  
The measured dance-step keeping :

~~~~~  
And this is the song,
As they sail along,
MIRIAM, MIRIAM, leads the throng!

“ Oh, sing to JEHOVAH! who, gloriously,
“ Hath triumph'd, hath triumph'd, and no one
but he;
“ Oh sing! for JEHOVAH, victoriously,
“ The horse and his rider hath sunk in the sea!”

Now the heights of PI-HAHIROTH,
Catch the echo softly beating;
Now the rocks of BAAL-ZEPHON,
Answer to the light retreating;
Now across the sunny ocean,
Floats the music of soft voices;
And above, the sky is cloudless,
As if Nature's self rejoices:
And the song is sweetly sounding,
And the step is lightly twining,
And the timbrel gayly ringing,
And the eye with pleasure shining.



“ Oh, sing to JEHOVAH ! who, gloriously,

**“ Hath triumph’d, hath triumph’d, and no one
but he ;**

“ Oh sing ! for JEHOVAH, victoriously,

“ The horse and his rider, hath sunk in the sea !”



ELIJAH.

BY JUDAH's vales and Olive glades,
 Where Eastern fruits entwine ;
 Her bowers of rose and palm tree shades,
 Her fields of corn and wine :
 ELIJAH and ELISHA pass'd,
 And well they knew, it was the last,
 The last dear hour, to friendship given,
 Before the fire-car and the blast,
 Should bear the prophet up to heaven.

How fondly then ELISHA hung
On all his aged master spoke !
How dear each word, that from his tongue,
Like dying farewell broke !
Friendship's a sun, that ever seems
Brightest, in its departing beams,
And never to the full we feel
The depth, and warmth, and force of Love,
Till Death comes in, the gem to steal,
And those so dear have pass'd above ;
Then we discover by the smart,
How they entwined around the heart !

They went along, and o'er their head,
High in the fields of air ;
Appeared a beauteous cloud of red,
And fast against the breeze it fled,
It seemed a SERAPH fair ;
One of those Spirits, who assume,
The lurid flame in all its forms,
To guard, to punish, to consume,
To wield the lightning-sword of storms ;



To Earth it came,
That beauteous flame,
The friends who dearly lov'd it parted,
Its mantle round
The Prophet wound,
Then back to its own heaven it darted ;
And Oh ! ELISHA's wilder'd eyes,
Followed his master to the skies,
As we to day,
Perceive the ray
Of Glory, when a Christian dies !

Sweet parting this—but not for us
To pass to those bright regions thus ;
We must go through the cold dark stream,
But—Ah !—if FAITH's celestial beam
Shine over, all will then be bright,
And we scarce need wish for the car of light,
So fair will the waters seem !



THE REQUIEM.

Ease after toil, Port after stormy seas,
 Death after Life, doth very greatly please.
 SPENCER.

If there's a power in earthly sound,
 To soothe an aching breast;
 It is, when some dear grave around,
 The sacred hymn of Rest
 From voices low, and soft, and clear,
 At Summer eve steals o'er the ear.

Perchance, in deep and shadowy dells
 That funeral song may be;
 Perchance, from ocean beach it swells
 Across a rippled sea;
 Perchance cathedral chancel high,
 May echo soft the harmony.



It speaks of rest from every toil,
Of ease from every pain ;
A home where nought can come, to spoil
The work of joy again :
It tells, that one has gone to dwell
Amid that peace unspeakable.

It tells, another Saint has won
The victory o'er the tomb ;
That now, he has for ever done
With sin, and all its doom :
It brings to mind, that **REQUIEM** sung
In **PATMOS*** by unearthly tongue.

Sweet soothing hymn, thy harmony,
That swells and sinks away,
Bids every wave of passion die,
Each rebel thought decay ;
And peace and holy calmness rest
O'er every feeling of the breast.

* Rev. 14, 13.



Worn head! and stormy heart! come here!

List to that simple strain;

Lay care aside, dry every tear,

And never mourn again:

Perhaps the time not far may be,

When this sweet hymn shall sound o'er thee.





THE BUTTERFLY.



Look at the insect-queen of flowers,
Winnowing lightly through summer bowers ;
Her wings have many a radiant hue,
Spotted with gold, and crimson, and blue ;
For whom were those wings so richly dy'd ?
She sees not their beauty, nor feels their pride :

It was, MAN, for thee,
That thou may'st see,
What THY last conquest of Death may be !

Born but a worm—her life was brief,
Her tomb some little field-flower's leaf;
A summer week pass'd swiftly o'er,
She who was once a worm, arose
From her green chamber of repose,
With tints where many a beauty glows,
And wings she never had before ;
And now a beauteous, lovely thing,
She chooses her rest,
Where she loves the best,
On the sweetest of Summer's blossoming.

“ Like mine,” methinks I hear her say,
“ Will be MAN's state another day;
“ That feeble creature, who on earth
“ Feels weakness even from his birth;
“ When o'er his grave a few years roll,
“ Changed as I am, shall surely rise,
“ Lovely in form, and pure in soul,
“ A Seraph of eternal skies !”

FUNERAL SONG.

Rest, Pilgrim, rest!—this verdant bed,
Shall bear thee slumbering safe from sorrow;
Sleep!—sleep in peace, in Christ, thy head,
'Till thou awake on Heaven's bright morrow.

The forest boughs that o'er thee wave,
Shall be the curtains of thy slumbers;
The brook that flows beside thy grave,
Shall sing to thee its wild wood numbers.

Rest, Pilgrim, rest !—a couch so fair,
Seems to present a lovely token
Of one sweet home from every care,
A balm for hearts this world hath broken.

Rest, Pilgrim, rest !—Now, not a fear
Shall move thy breast to thought of sadness ;
Thou hast a lovely refuge here,
Though grief once bit thy heart to madness.

Nor Sun, nor storm, nor heat, nor frost,
Nor Serpent's fang, nor pain past healing ;
Nor heart of man, by malice crost,
Can cause thee now one bitter feeling.

Rest, Pilgrim, rest !—though o'er thy bier,
Torn hearts and weeping eyes are bending ;
FAITH soothes the breast, and gilds the tear
With light from thine own Heaven descending.



For we can turn our gaze above,
And see the beauteous bright-wing'd spirit
Soaring o'er fields of heavenly love,
Won by a dying Saviour's merit.

Peace to thine ashes!—God will keep
Securely, all that thou didst render,
Till that bright sound that bursts thy sleep,
Shall clothe thee in a robe of splendor!



*Addressed to Mrs. MARSHMAN and her friends, setting
out on the Indian Mission, April 1821.*

FROM England's shores, how many a band
Have sailed on charge of war,
Bearing from out their native land,
Stern threatening and awe;
How many have resigned their breath,
In these dark embassies of death!

And far this little band will go,
But not for victory and woe:
Soldiers indeed—but of the cross;
Of HIM, who came, who died to save;
For HIM, they count all gain but loss,
And yield him all at first he gave:

~~~~~  
Arm'd it is true, but not with sword,  
Their weapons all by mercy given,  
The mighty Spirit of their Lord,  
And HOPE, to point the soul to Heaven;  
FAITH in their bosoms, and above,  
Their banner over them, is LOVE.

Oh, fare you well! and with you go,  
All promis'd to the saints below,  
His power and presence, who can keep  
Your minds in holy peace and fear,  
Though wandering o'er the mighty deep,  
Or lands where no kind voice is near;  
And when beneath the Banian tree,  
The Indian, deep in thought you see,  
Reposing on the green turf there;  
And reading—not the volumes vain,  
Fill'd with such tales as heathen feign,  
But the bright page of praise and prayer.  
Oh may you feel a joy, which then  
More than atones for all resigned;  
The joy of saving fallen men,  
Of bearing mercy to mankind!

Farewel—With me had just begun

The light of friendship's dawn ;

Its first hour sees its setting sun,

Its evening in its morn.

We part—life's vapour, light and vain,

May vanish ere we meet again ;

But seas and climates idly spread

To part the soul—above the dead,

FRIENDSHIP still flourishes, and waves

A deathless plant o'er covered graves :

And MEMORY oft will bring again,

Bright forms of joy commixed with pain ;

Farewel! and if we never meet

Each other ere we die,

More thorns may pierce and harm your feet,

But you will tread to Heaven's high seat

A brighter path than I!





## ENJOYMENT.



Lord, what a wretched land is this,  
That yields us no supply;  
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,  
Nor streams of living joy;  
But pricking thorns through all the ground,  
And mortal poisons grow;  
And all the rivers that are found,  
With dangerous waters flow.

WATTS.



Is this EARTH a barren spot,  
Dark without a single ray?  
Look around, and say it not,  
Beauty reigns through night and day.

Were the woods, and hills, and streams,  
Earth's soft green, and Heaven's pure blue,  
All the radiance of its beams,  
Formed by God, in vain for you ?

Were the notes that Music wreathes,  
In her sweet enchanted chain,  
All the impassioned sounds she breathes,  
Bid to flow, for you, in vain ?

In the garden of the soul,  
Is there nothing to delight ?  
Where the sweetest passions roll,  
And the Fancy ever bright ?

Love and Friendship, have not they,  
Through the coldest bosom shone,  
Beamed across its ice a ray,  
Fires like these could beam alone ?

True, indeed! the stain of Sin,  
 We perceive upon it all;  
 And the best around, within,  
 Bears the tokens of the Fall.

†

We may wish for purer skies,  
 Fields celestial, springs of bliss,  
 Yet we gratefully may prize,  
 Such a lovely world as this!

We may wish for souls as chaste,  
 As the moon or mountain snow;  
 Yet each hallowed pleasure taste,  
 God has given to man below.

Call not Earth a barren spot!  
 Pass it not ungrateful by!  
 'Tis to man a lovely lot,  
 Though a lovelier rests on high.

## N O O N.

**SWEET SUMMER-NOON ! Delightful hour !**

**In silent soft repose to lie  
On verdant turf, in greenwood bower,  
Beneath a warm and sunny sky,  
What time, the flocks and herds are laid  
Beside the stream, by the leafy shade ;  
When all creation seems at rest,  
Unless the soothing rustic sound  
Of the forest bee, in the field-flower's breast,  
Or flying the clover and wild-thyme round.**

Then far from the world, and the tumult vain,  
So fair and so still is all we see,  
That FANCY, in visions of extacy,  
Might deem it were EDEN again !  
Oh ! with one, to friendship dear,  
How sweet for hours to linger here,  
And pass the sunshiny hours away ;  
Till down in the West,  
The Sun to his rest,  
Sinks at the close of the golden day.

Delightful trance,  
When the thoughts advance,  
Through all that is quiet and lovely here ;  
To those bright bowers,  
Of heavenly flowers,  
And trees of Life in a higher sphere !

It was thus, methinks, in the innocent days,  
When PARADISE yet was unstained by crime ;  
When the new-made Sun, shed bright pure rays  
O'er the woof began by infant TIME :





When over the garden of joy, one Spring  
Was yielding, and budding, and blossoming ;  
When the fruits of Autumn, and vernal dew,  
And flowers and buds of every hue,  
Formed many a radiant ring ;  
And man had nought beside to do,  
But roam the sweet enchantment through,  
And wait for that last glorious Heaven ;  
A brighter, but scarce a happier spot,  
Than this on Earth, which God had given,  
To be his favorite creatures lot.



## DEATH.

---

How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan ?

Jer. xii, 15.

---

**DARK RIVER OF DEATH**, that is flowing  
 Between the **BRIGHT CITY** and me ;  
 Thou boundest the path I am going,  
 Oh, how shall I pass over thee !

When the cold stormy waters rise o'er me,  
 And Earth disappears from my sight,  
 When a cloud rises thickly before me,  
 And veils all my spirits in night.

~~~~~

When the hands I love dearly are wringing,
The eyes all for me wet with tears,
The hearts that surround me still clinging,
And I all misgiving and fears.

Ere the warmth of that love be departed,
That binds us so closely below ;
Could I bear to see them broken-hearted
Nor feel all the sting of their woe ?

Oh, DEATH ! thou last portion of sorrow,
The prospect of Heaven is bright ;
And fair is the dawn of its morrow,
But stormy and dreadful thy night !

Oh THOU ! who hast broken the power
Of this the last victor of men,
Be with me in that solemn hour,
Oh grant me deliverance then !



The glory from Calvary streaming,
May shine o'er the cold sable wave ;
And the faith that is often times beaming,
May burst through the gloom of the grave.

And peace may shine cloudless above me,
When I think what my Saviour has said,
*The FATHER HIMSELF deigns to love me,
And JESUS has died in my stead.

With the prospect of meeting for ever,
With the bright gates of Heaven in view,
From the dearest on Earth I could sever,
And smile a delightful adieu !

* John xvi, 27.



THE FIRST SABBATH.

When the *Morning Stars* sang together,
 And all the *Sons of God* shouted for joy.
 JOB.

ONCE a glorious morning beamed,
 Brighter never yet has been ;
 When the Sun his first light streamed,
 O'er a world unmarred by Sin.

When the mighty work was done,
 And the seventh morn arose,
 When the first sabbatic sun
 Lit the hours of repose :



Oh, with what a loud acclaim,
Then the SONS OF MORNING sang !
To the glory of THY name,
All the Heavenly chancel rang !

Then the THRONES, with harps of light,
Struck with mighty chord THY praise,
Hymning all THY power and might,
ANCIENT OF ETERNAL DAYS !

What a Sabbath morn was there !
What, alas ! are these of ours !
Some faint gleam indeed they bear,
Caught from those celestial bowers.

Yet, impure, and cold, and faint,
Oft we drag the hours along,
With sad weariness and plaint,
Rather than with joyful song.



But a Sabbath shall arise,
Even than the first more bright ;
When the morning of the skies,
Breaks the long and dreary night.

Lovelier, for in that sweet hour,
Ransomed souls shall sit above,
And those bright stars that sang HIS POWER,
Shall join, and add REDEEMING LOVE !





But I would not have you to be ignorant, Brethren, concerning those who are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others who have no hope.—1 Thess. iv, 13.

Of all the flowers of EDEN left us,
The few, few buds of that realm of light ;
Of which, e'en the curse has not bereft us,
Though drooping they seem beneath its blight ;
The sweetest, by far, are they which bloom
In the garden of LOVE, and by FRIENDSHIP
formed ;
Watered by tears in Sorrow's gloom,
And in Joy, by the sunshine of sweet smiles
warmed.


~~~~~

But these,—alas !—how often they wave,  
    Their beauty fled,  
    Drooping and dead,  
Over some dear, and some cherished grave !  
And when MEMORY thinks how sweet they were,  
Though withering now in such sadness there ;  
Greater, it seems, is the pain they give,  
    Than the pleasure before,  
    For that pass'd o'er,  
The flowers all die, but the thorns still live.

A sky of unclouded, unchanging bliss,  
    A summer whose sun shall never set,  
A region of brighter rays than this,  
    Awaits those withering flowrets yet :  
And Oh, were it not for such a thought,  
    What bosom the transient bliss would buy,  
    That feels, when all most loved must die,  
How dear that pleasure must be bought !  
LOVE clasps fresh roses to her breast ;  
    But DEATH comes by, and, as in scorn,  
Touches the bud she prized the best,  
    And every rose becomes a thorn !

PURE FIELDS OF HEAVENLY LIGHT—in you  
There is no parting, no adieu,  
But life-streams flow, and bowers, whose shade  
No sin can taint, no death can fade ;  
Spirit that twined with spirit here,  
Shall in thine ever-peaceful sphere,  
More sweetly twine, and not a grief  
Be shed—that love should be so brief!  
And HE, whose throne makes all the ray  
That lights that one eternal day,  
The bound and center of the whole,  
Shall seal this sweetness of the soul ;  
And HIS Almighty signet be  
    To all so dear,  
    That withered here,  
The stamp of IMMORTALITY !



## ANXIETY.

---

Why sayest thou, O Jacob,  
 And speakest O Israel,  
 " My way is concealed from Jehovah ;  
 " And my judgment is passed over from my God !"  
 ISAIAH.

---

ALONG my earthly way,  
 How many clouds are spread !  
 Darkness with scarce one cheerful ray,  
 Seems gathering o'er my head.

And, if the beauteous bow  
 Of Hope sometimes appears ;  
 Like Earth's, 'tis but the sign of woe,  
 On showers of falling tears.

Yet, FATHER, thou art Love,  
 Oh, hide not from my view ;  
 But when I look, in prayer, above,  
 Bid mercy sparkle through !

My pathway is not hid,  
 THOU knowest all my need,  
 And I would do as Israel did,  
 Follow where thou wilt lead.

I am perverse and blind,  
 And know not what is right ;  
 But THOU art wise, and good, and kind,  
 And arm'd with matchless might !

Oh, may my heart be bent  
 In all to meet thy will ;  
 In holy faith, and sweet content,  
 Though seeming good or ill.



Lead me, and then my feet  
Shall never, never stray ;  
But safely I shall reach the seat  
Of happiness and day.

And Oh !—from that bright throne,  
I shall look back, and see  
The path I went, and that alone  
Was the right path for me.





HEB. xiii, 11, 13.

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LET me go without the camp,  
    Bearing the reproach of THEE ;  
Who on that dark mount of death,  
    Bore such deeper shame for me.

Some went with thee to the Cross,  
    Though the number was but few ;  
Ah ! methinks, had I been there,  
    I had gone among them too !

That can never come again,  
    That dark hour has pass'd away,  
Let me prove what I had done,  
    By my love to thee to-day.



## SOLITUDO.



SOLITUDO ! quam dilecta !  
Hinc in cœlum via recta ;  
Procul est, insanitatis  
Et Theatrum vanitatis ;  
Plebs si sævit, hic sedebo,  
Et quæ supra sunt videbo :  
Mecum, Angeli cantabunt,  
Cœli Dominum laudabunt  
Oh ! si semper, sic sederem,  
Mundi turbas me viderem ;  
Me, dum tollent angelorum  
Grege, ad Paradisi chorum ;  
Et, ut sanctus eremita,  
Dulci requiescam vita.

## SOLITUDE.

*Imitation of the preceding Lines, written in the woods  
of the late Edward Walker, Esq., of Guestingthorpe.*

AH, SOLITUDE!—Thy shade how dear,  
The nearest road to Heaven lies here;  
From hence, the baneful scenes afar,  
Of folly, and of madness are;  
Above the tumult, on this height,  
Celestial visions meet my sight;  
I sing, and angels songs I hear,  
Mingling with mine in yonder sphere;  
Oh! might I sit for ever so,  
Nor see the crowded world below;  
Upborne by bands of Angels, rise  
To join the choirs of Paradise,  
And as a holy hermit, close  
My life, amid such sweet repose.



To \* \* \* \*

**GENTLE SPIRIT !—Thou hast risen  
Far beyond the chains that bound thee,  
And instead of Earth's dark prison,  
Liberty and light surround thee !**

**Wert thou injured ? Every anguish  
Freely hast thou now forgiven !—  
E'en the blow that made thee languish—  
Anger cannot live in Heaven !**

**Even here, thy heart so tender,  
Pierced and torn, yet suffered saintly ;  
Tears were all that thou didst render,  
And the prayer to Heaven breathed faintly.**

~~~~~

Yet, methinks, that pain more keenly
Must the injurer's breast be feeling,
When resentless and serenely,
Down thy cheek the tear was stealing !

GENTLE SPIRIT ! In thy sorrow,
Like thy SAVIOUR, meek in sadness,
Thou from HIM thy light didst borrow,
Thou with HIM wilt reign in gladness.



SYMPATHY.

**MYSTERIOUS SYMPATHY!—Who can tell,
How many a hidden balm is thine !
When oft the undiscovered spell
Hath bidden the gloomy spirit shine :
When through the mind, we know not how,
Some lovely burst of light has darted ;
And the gloom that hung o'er the soul, e'en now
Is burst, and broken, and departed.**

**Ah ! Methinks ! it has oft been thus,
When those who love, and who think of us,**

Have knelt before the throne of prayer,
And poured their hearts out for us there ;
That instant as they pray, we feel
A Sabbath o'er our bosoms steal ;
A fair, and more than earthly ray,
Burst through the cloud, across our way,
And sweetness, we knew not whence, nor where,
Has beamed from the light of another's prayer.

I love to think—though perhaps it be
But the wildered dreaming of Phantasy ;
That those whom we love, and have lost, come here,
As visitants from that heavenly sphere,
And pour sweet oil in the flame that is fading,
The flame of the spirit, when faint and low,
And for us, fair flowers of hope are braiding,
To cheer us in many a night of woe :
I love to think, that they pass beside us,
Though no sound meet the ear, nor a form the eye
And when we think sadly, that worlds divide us,
The Spirits of those whom we love, are nigh :

And when we are broken in heart, and weep,
That they, so dear,
Should leave us here,
And lie in the tomb in Death's cold sleep,
In language unheard,
Too sublime for a word,
They tell us, how happy and blest they are,
And remind us, that soon, releas'd from care,
Again we shall meet,
In union more sweet,
In regions immortal, and bright and fair.

DELIGHTFUL THOUGHT !—I would not change
Thy joy, though deceptive perhaps thou art,
For the coldest truth in Philosophy's range,
Which may lighten the reason, but chills the
heart:

I love to see passing before me again,
Those dear dead forms, that I loved before ;
That have now like shadows pass'd over the plain,
And gladden for me this Earth no more.



It seems, as if then we could leave behind,
All else, and mingle with them, and go,
Almost with Spirits like theirs, refin'd,
Where the life-groves wave, and the rivers flow.

Oh, the beauteous visions that glance
Through the soul, as in vivid trance !
Again we meet,
In communion sweet,
Those whose hearts for us once beat ;
And whose eyes but shone,
In love alone,
And lighten'd the bosom they beam'd upon !

Thoughts like these come but from THEE,
Deep mysterious SYMPATHY !



I JOHN, iv, 23.

*And this is his Commandment,—That we should believe on the name of his
Jesus Christ, and love one another as he gave us commandment.*

SWEET Commandment!—Blessed union!

Worthy HIM from whom it came;

Every Soul in sweet communion,

Glowing with the same pure flame.

Heart with heart in love entwining,

Hand in hand together press'd;

Love, lit by the radiance shining

Down from Heaven in every breast.



Sweet Commandment!—blessed union!

Worthy Him from whom it came ;

Every Soul in sweet communion,

Glowing with the same pure flame.






HOLY MEDITATION.

THERE is a train of holy thought,
That e'en on Earth will trance the soul ;
When all inferior things seem nought,
And God and Heaven possess the whole.

SUCH IS THE FEELING, when, withdrawn
Far from the busy crowd of men,
At eve, or noon, or early dawn,
On forest bank, or meadow lawn,
We rest in sweet reflection : then
NATURE, all lovely, seems to wear
The impress of her MAKER there ;



The birds of song, the flowers, the trees,
The skies, the streams, the whispering breeze,
The BEAUTY, that in thousand forms,
The heart to holy pleasure warms,
So soothe the Spirit, that she seems,
Wrapt up in soft celestial dreams,
And fain would rest in such a spot,
Nor seek again,
The tumult vain ;
But Earth's deep cares permit her not.

SUCH IS THE FEELING, when in prayer
The contrite spirit kneels ;
When HIM, her GOD, her GUARDIAN there,
Present with her, she feels.
Prayer to the wanderer here is given,
The ladder that will reach to Heaven,
Like that in PADAN-ARAN, when
The Patriarch laid him down to sleep,
And saw how GOD will deign to keep
His guard of Love o'er fallen men.

SUCH IS THE FEELING, when the cross

In all its loveliness appears:

Then earthly gain, indeed, seems loss,

And Heaven shines bright through holy tears.

REPENTANCE weeps, and loves to shed

The drops of sorrow o'er her fall,

FAITH points to HIM, who once hath bled,

And suffered, to atone for all:

Then won to such eternal love,

The heart seems reft from earth, and dwells

Where his loud praise the Anthem swells,

Of ransomed men above.

SUCH IS THE FEELING, when the stroke

Of sorrow falls upon our head,

When some fair bond of Love is broke,

And some sweet star of comfort fled;

Oh, then, we think these fleeting ties

Shall bind us to this Earth no more;

We turn our wishes to the skies,

Where joyance never, never, dies,

And sin and all its stings are o'er.

SUCH IS THE FEELING, when in death,
One whom we dearly love departs ;
When *we* feel fading with *their* breath,
And find *their* death-pang in *our* hearts ;
Then as the Spirit sets, she seems
Just like the sun on western sea,
To form a path of her own beams,
To lead us to eternity.
It seems as if indeed were seen,
Those gates of undecaying light,
And for a moment in between,
We caught a glance of the glittering scene,
And the choral bands so fair and bright,
Who there are found,
The throne around,
In raiment, spotless, pure and white.
We trace the Spirit's path along,
Till she seems mingled with the throng,
Then rapt, and dazzled with the gaze,
We turn to our own Earth again,
And all its best and brightest rays,
Seem dark, and profitless, and vain.

Oh, for a frame like this, to last
Till all this mortal life be past!
But no, it cannot be—Earth clings
Around us yet—the Seraph wings
Of purity and light will wave
Triumphant o'er a conquered grave;
But while in mortal cumbrance drest,
 If we aspire,
 We droop and tire,
And turn to this low earth to rest.

Yet it will be—pass on ye hours—
When in all bright celestial bowers,
Without one low and mortal tie,
But cloudless as an Alpine sky,
 We—we shall soar,
 To droop no more,
But put on IMMORTALITY!





Whither, shall I go from *thy* Spirit !
 Or whither shall I flee from *thy* presence ?
 If I ascend to Heaven, there art *thou* !
 If I couch in Hell ! Ah, there art *thou* !
 If I take the wings of the morning,
 And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,
 Even there, shall *thy* hand lead me,
 And *thy* right hand shall sustain me :
 If I say—Surely the darkness shall conceal me,
 Even the night shall be light around me,
 Yes !—the darkness concealeth not from *thee*,
 But the night shineth like the day :
 Alike, are the darkness and the light !

Ps. cxxxix, 7 -12.



WHERE can I go, from THEE !
 ALL PRESENT DEITY !
 Nature, and Time, and Thought, THINE impress
 bear ;
 Through Earth, or Sea, or Sky,
 Though far !—Afar !—I fly,
 I turn, and find THEE present with me there.

The perfume of the rose,
And every flower that blows,
All, mark THY love, in clusters of the vale ;
The corn that crowns the fields,
The fruits the garden yields,
Proclaim the bounties that can never fail.

The vapour and the cloud,
The thunder bursting loud,
Speak of THY majesty, in words of flame ;
The Ocean as it roars,
Lashing the rocks and shores,
Declares from what a mighty hand it came.

The vasty globes that roll,
Each on its own firm pole,
Through all the boundless fields of space, alone,
Prove, that indeed THOU art,
The life-wheel and the heart,
Of Systems to our little world unknown.

~~~~~

From THEE, I cannot fly;  
THINE all-observing eye  
Marks the minutest atom of THY reign;  
How far so e'er I go,  
THOU all my path would'st know,  
And bring the wanderer to this earth again.

But why should I depart?  
'Tis safety where THOU art,  
And could one spot alone, THY being hold,  
I, poor, and vain, and weak,  
That sacred spot would seek,  
And dwell within the shelter of THY fold!







## SONNET.



BUT for the cloud, were neither shower nor bow ;  
The loveliness that Earth and Sky display :  
'Tis when the storm descends, and tempests blow,  
The traveller seeks the refuge on his way ;  
The first fair moment of the break of day,  
Had never been, but for the gloom of night ;  
The Spring's sweet time of hope and blossoms gay,  
Owes half its sweetness to the Winter's blight :  
Such is the brilliance and extreme delight  
Of the first dawn of joy, when grief departs ;  
And through the night of sorrow glances bright  
A beam of heavenly love upon our hearts ;  
So, through the cloud of woe, and falling tears,  
Serenely bright the world of day appears.



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Brethren if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye, who are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself lest thou also be tempted.—Gal. vi, 1.

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**BREATHE** thoughts of pity o'er a brother's fall,  
But dwell not with stern anger on his fault;  
The grace of God alone, holds *thee*, holds *all*,  
Were that withdrawn, thou too would'st swerve  
and halt.

Lead back the wanderer to the Saviour's fold,  
That were an action worthy of a saint;  
But not in malice let the crime be told,  
Nor publish to the world the evil taint.



The Saviour suffers, when his children slide;  
Then, is his holy name by men blasphemed,  
And he afresh is mock'd and crucified,  
Even by those, his bitter death redeemed.

Rebuke the sin, but yet in love rebuke,  
Feel as one member in another's pain;  
Win back the soul that his fair path forsook,  
And mighty and eternal is thy gain!





## JOSHUA xxiv, 15.



Entering, for the first time, a house of my own.—April 25th, 1822.



EBENEZER !—To this day,  
THOU, my wavering feet hast led ;  
And each moment of my way,  
I've been guided, clothed, and fed.

Yes—THINE eye was bent on me,  
Though to folly's paths I turned ;  
Neither feared, nor thought on THEE,  
And THY hand, which fed me, spurned.

**EBENEZER !—Now I bend,  
At the footstool of THY love ;  
May my praise and prayer ascend,  
To THY mercy-seat above !**

**Choose, Oh, choose, THY dwelling here ;  
And may all within it be  
Humble followers in THY fear,  
Wholly consecrate to THEE.**

**Here at Morning's first fair light,  
And at Evening's parting rays ;  
May the voice of prayer unite,  
With the sweet accord of praise.**

**When the fresh and blooming Spring  
Covers every tree with flowers ;  
Then my grateful soul would sing  
THEE, who gave those lovely hours.**

When these beauteous fields I see,  
 Waving with Autumnal store ;  
 I would ever think of THEE,  
 Whose were all the fruits they bore.

Summer, Winter, Day, or Night,  
 Each will bring before my eye,  
 Some good token, dark or bright,  
 Of a GOD OF MERCY nigh.

When adown these lanes I stray,  
 Hedge, and tree, and mead, and stream,  
 All will seem to catch a ray,  
 From the splendor of THY beam.

Every lovely thing around  
 Leads my Spirit to THY throne ;  
 Neither fruit nor flowers are found,  
 Save what spring from THEE, alone.

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